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The REFLECTOR

Weymouth High School Weymouth, Mass.

W. C.
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1929

Published by the students of the Weymouth High School, Weymouth, Mass.

Editor—James McAleer

Business Manager—Thomas Scott

Faculty Adviser—P. B. Brown

Printed by the boys of the Weymouth Vocational School.

Instructor—Francis E. Whipple, Jr.

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WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL

Dedication

To those of the faculty and of our friends who are building toward the high school of the future, and have brought this, our high school, to its present position, this Reflector for 1929 is dedicated.

"God bless the teachers who can look
Above, beyond, the open book,
The one who teaching undertook
Not merely for the Latin's sake,
But for the holy chance to make
Tomorrow's man, a soul to wake;
Whom nothing wearies, naught annoys,
Who gladly all his life employs,
Not teaching Latin—teaching boys."

The REFLECTOR

Weymouth High—Past and Present

The first High School was established, in 1853, in the Town Hall on Middle and Washington Streets, with Joseph Dow instrueting. During the following year the school was held for the first five months in South Weymouth, in the hall of J. G. Rogers at Columbian Square. For the last five months the school was removed to Weymouth Landing, with Jonathan C. Brown as instructor (He is no relation to the present Mr. Brown, as far as we can discover). When the disadvantages of this program beeame increasingly apparent, the town fathers decided that a permanent high school was necessary. Provisions were accordingly made for opening a school in East Weymouth. S. S. Marston was its first teacher, having, in all, fifty-four pupils.

Because of the crowded conditions in the East Weymouth school, another removal took place to the schoolhouse in the tenth district. Mr. Marston, retired because of ill health, was sueeeeded by Mr. Loring Johnson. In 1860 the second term began in a new schoolhouse in North Weymouth, ealled the North Weymouth High School, the present Adams School.

Now began the period of two high schools, one, the North Weymouth High School, the other, in South Weymouth, the South Weymouth High School. The schools were moved about a great deal until the erection of the present main building. The North High School occupied, at different times, the Adams School, and a new building on Tremont Street, at Weymouth Landing, in 1876. The South High School was first held in the Vestry of the Universalist Church on Pleasant Street, South Weymouth, later in the so called Rogers Hall, and finally in the Howe School in 1895.

Since the first school was estab'ished, the attendance was very irregular. The winter season always brought a great diminishing in attendanee. During the Civil and Spanish American Wars, too, the masculine attendanee was noticeably slight, since, in those days, war demanded even the very young.

The list of subjects taught was not very different from our present routine; namely, arithmetic, algebra, bookkeeping, geometry, rhetoric, astronomy, French, Latin, English grammar, chemistry, declamation, composition, anatomy and physiology, and natural philosophy. All subjects were, for a long time, taught by one teacher.

Now we eome to the history of the present high school building. At the annual town meeting in 1897 a venerable company of sapient town fathers put their heads together and decided that the wavering career of the high school had better end. Accordingly they made

an appropriation of $50,000 for the much needed building. Work began directly and the building was completed and ready for occupancy by the beginning of the next school term. Loring and Phipps of Boston were the architects and P. H. Jackson of Brockton did the general contracting, with a bid of $35,636.75. The heating was installed by L. E. Smith of Gloucester with a bid of $3,775.

Mr. Edmund J. Bugbee was the first principal, holding the office from 1898 to 1904. He was succeeded by Edwin P. Sampson from 1904 to 1910. In 1911, Mr. Frederick W Hilton took over the office, which he has held to the present date.

With the growth of the town and the increasing number of school children, additional quarters were needed. Hence the freshman wing was added and formally presented for inspection on June 24, 1924. John E. Griffin was the contractor, with a bid of $300,000. We, the Class of '29, were the second class to use the new rooms.

All the preceding, we venture to say, is news to the majority. The following, however, is history.

Shortly after the completion of the freshman wing, places were begun for the Vocational School. The work on the shop was done entirely by trade school boys, and the cost of the building was $35,000. In 1928 crowded conditions in the local grammar schools demanded still another change in the school arrangement. The town therefore decided to build a new addition to the high school. The new wing, called the Weymouth Junior High Annex, contains four classes each of the seventh and eighth grades. The general contracting was done by James S. Miles and Son Company, with a bid of $300,000.

Work is now progressing on the New Legion Memorial in front of the High School, which will do much to add to the beauty and dignity of our school grounds. It has been rumored that the Class of '29 will have the initial honor of being the first to graduate from the open air amphitheatre, if, as is hoped, the work of construction is finished in time. But one thing we know, from reliable authorities: the diplomas for the graduating class will be headed by a picture of the complete High School building, something entirely new on Weymouth High School diplomas.

And now, with the High School building complete, a look into the future follows. We who are about to graduate salute you, our underclassmen, and hand on to you the privilege of working and striving for the glory of the *High School of the Future.*

Jane Stub '29

SEWING CLASS

The REFLECTOR

Weymouth High School—School of the Future

A person's outward appearance, they say, is an index of his character. Similarly, the surroundings of Weymouth High in 1950 are apt to prejudice a particular alumnus, who has just returned from ten years on the South Polar ice floes, almost at once. Middle Street is a sight for any eyes, but especially for ones long-blinded by a continuous Aurora Borealis. Paved with brick from Central Square, lined with proud and rugged architecture, community center and community of civic pride —fitting surroundings for the finest of high schools. Opposite the school is a splendid library. Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. are close beside, with a community church, yes, and a court house. Further along is a Repertory Theater under city management. Just beyond the Town Hall, erected back in '29, are two roads at right angles. At the junction Main Street parts into two parallel roadbeds separated by a grass plot which is planted with trees. One of the bisecting roads at this junction leads to Weymouth Landing. From it the beauty of the rear of the school is easily apparent. An athletic field lies to the right of High School Drive, but this is used only for afternoon practice. Regular contests are held on the Fair Grounds on Middle Street.

Returning to the front entrance the alumnus advances up the central walk, beneath the War Memorial Arch, across the open air assembly hall. Midway between the last settee and the front entrance he reads a tablet laid in cement, the motto, no doubt, of the school. It reads: "A sound mind in a sound body."

* * * *

"Education is moral first; intellectual, secondarily," said Ruskin. And what are morals? Morals are the general truths of the natural universe which guide man's conduct with one another and in relation to the forces about him. What is intellect? Intellect is its general acceptance is the power of mental recollection and association.

Schools were created to better society. Yet twenty-five years ago they basically opposed the axiom of the straight line by placing mental development before character development. Character education was always admitted as fundamental, but was left to be somehow acquired elsewhere.

The truth had been hard to face. Yes, conditions were certainly hard to put in that long decade from 1935 to 1945. It had meant courage and leadership, conservation discarded, but not for radicalism. It had meant a general effort of society not to inundate the mind with facts from *without,* but to arouse the best from *within.* It had meant a genuine effort to combine all the educational facilities of society—home, church, theater, and press—within the walls of the school. It had meant contact with all that was good and fine, preeminent to what was worth while and valuable.

This the visitor learns from an enthusiastic teacher who introduces herself as a classmate of '29. At first he bemoans the uncharitable fates which have brought him thither; but as he listens to the surprising change in the methods of instruction his curiosity is quickly aroused.

First, a word about the entire school program. What is commonly known as the 8-4 system, in which there are eight years of grammar school and four of high school, has been replaced by the 6-3-3 system, in which there are six years of grammar school, three years of junior high school, and three of senior high school. The first six years of the present system are much the same as the grammar school of twenty-five years past. The junior high school period is one of mental discipline and further ground-work similar to our former high school. But during the last period of his twelve years of local education, the student is dependent upon *himself,* only under older and wiser guidance, to educate himself

and prepare for life's work. The time saving of this three-fold arrangement is due to a gradation of pupils for each grade according to intelligence and general ability. This quickens mental progress and efficiency anywhere from one to three years.

Faculty supervision in the senior high school is of a singular nature. The teacher is more an adviser and confidant than brain-tester and statistician. Lessons written for correction are rare, but homework is distributed monthly in advance, and the wise student soon learns to complete it. Successive failures in the monthly examinations are dropped to lower classes, while passmarks are raised with the standard of the division. Outside reading assignments are frequent. Daily lectures and demonstrations, with weekly class discussions, are used instead of formal reviews of homework. Students are either mathematical, cultural, or business. English and history courses, for example, of students majoring in mathematics, are different from the courses of those taking cultural courses. Science courses, again, for business and cultural students, are more elementary than those taken by mathematical students. Instruction in the trades and shopwork is much the same as back in 1929.

Free periods are common for orchestra, band, staff, dramatics, public speaking, and other activities. A high average, however, is required for participation. Free periods are also used for informal discussions of assignments with members of the faculty, and for library reading.

The school day is an hour longer, but the lessened tension under the new system makes this day interesting instead of tedious. Students are urged to develop qualities of initiative and self-reliance as a fundamental part of their education. The advance assignments, already mentioned, are an example of this. The work is not limited to one text book, but instead several sources are recommended in the monthly schedule and by the teacher. From these the student is free to choose for himself, and pry as deep as he likes. There are, of course, minor subjects in which most of the work is done during school hours. Outside of these, however, the student is to a limited degree specializing.

* * * *

The truth that education ought to be universal has been accepted. But now humanity faces the problem of the ways and means to attain its universality. These are vital to the success of the entire educational, and what is more the entire social, structure. Education, also, as an investment of society, since it is universal, must extend to all forms of society, and reach a degree of perfection which fulfils all the needs of society. That certainly is a lofty goal. Yet such a one has been set by educators of the world. To it and to them we owe our pride for *W. H. S.—Past and Present.* To these, also, shall thanks be due for the realization of our *School of the Future.* *James McAleer* '29

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

OUR FACULTY

Faculty Facts

Parker T. Pearson, *Superintendent*
Appointed, 1909
"There's no easy road to learning."

Frederick W. Hilton, *Principal*
Appointed, 1911
"My bark is worse than my bite."

Hazel M. Agnew, *Commercial*
Appointed, 1920
"Concentrate, young people, concentrate."
"Perfectly calm, mentally, now."
"Leave the machines alone."

Gladys B. Allen, *English, History*
Appointed, 1925
"Moderation."

Helen C. Barnard (Mrs.), *Latin*
Appointed, 1900
"You have no manners at all."

Anna F. Berry, *French*
Appointed, 1919
"Remember this is a study period."

Prescott B. Brown, *English, History*
Appointed, 1911
"My French pronunciation is atrocious!" *"Hurry up, byes."* *"Ten nights after school."*

Ernestine R. Canning, *English, French*
Appointed, 1920
"Say exactly what you mean. I'm not a mind reader."

Ester Enebuske, *Latin*
Appointed, 1929
"I can't understand all this noise." *"You people can see each other at noon and after school."*

John T. Gannon, Jr., *History, Science, Latin, Mathematics, Civics*
Appointed, 1921
"What do you think this is—old Home Week?" *"Don't think you're so hot."*

Alice L. Gay, *Clerk*
Appointed, 1922
Mr. Hilton, there's someone waiting in the office."

Lucille A. Goding, *French, Spanish*
Appointed, 1925
"Class, stop laughing!"

John Griffin, *History, Science*
Appointed, 1927
"Now watch this. Of course it's a circle! Didn't I just say so?"

Sheila M. Gross, *English, Librarian*
Appointed, 1928
"Stop running, girls! *"Now, please be quiet."*

Olive E. Hackett, *Commercial*
Appointed, 1926
"Now be very careful with the work, students; it's for Mr. Pearson."

Everett N. Hollis, *Commercial*
Appointed, 1898
"Now I don't want to be a policeman." *"Here, class, are a few more jokes I picked up."*

Mary C. Humphrey, *English, German*
Appointed, 1916
"Manners should be bred in the home."

Harriet B. Kimball (Mrs.), *Art*
Appointed, 1928
"Just a minute! I'm helping someone else."

Margaret K. Langford, *Commercial*
Appointed, 1928
"Take your seats and stop your talking." *"Quiet, please."* *"Get busy, class."*

Thomas A. Lyons, *Mathematics*
Appointed, 1921
"It isn't as though you had to do anything."

Helen E. Mayer, *German, Spanish*
Appointed, 1919
"Act your age." *"I don't like your attitude."*

Flora H. McGrath (Mrs.), *English*
Appointed, 1928
"Face the class." *"Don't balk, Miss Alden."*

Helen M. Norris, *Commercial*
Appointed, 1927
"Quiet, girls. Sing. Don't talk."

Daniel L. O'Donnell, *History, Economics, Law*
Appointed, 1925
"Cross it out." "All to the contrary notwithstanding."

Oral A. Page, *Physical Training*
Appointed, 1928
"Attention!" "Count off by twos!"

Ruth M. Parker (Mrs.), *Domestic Science*
Appointed, 1920
"Hurry up, girls."

Ethel C. Rich (Mrs.), *Physical Training*
Appointed, 1926
"One, two!" "Count off by fours. Count!" "You're out of step. Left, right—"

Caroline E. Rogers, *English, History, Latin, Mathematics*
Appointed, 1928
"Review yesterday's work and learn tomorrow's THOROUGHLY."

Susan G. Sheehan, *English, Mathematics*
Appointed, 1907
"I'll say—"

George O. Stewart, *Mathematics*
Appointed, 1924
"Why?" "Prove it!" "Get the English of it." "Remember you're juniors now." "Take your books and get out!"

Helen R. Thompson, *Commercial*
Appointed, 1925
"Eyes front, class."

Mildred A. Wagg, *English, History*
Appointed, 1923
"Afternoon session."

Dora S. White (Mrs.), *English, History*
Appointed, 1920
"Decidedly so." "And, my dear little nephew—"

Wallace L. Whittle, *Science*
Appointed, 1921
"Oh, yes, there are some things I don't know." "As I remarked before, I did not write the book." "Any more questions?"

Fannie L. Williams, *Sewing, Millinery*
Appointed, 1924
"Don't you think YOU'D *like to take this slip down to the office?"*

Vocational School

Lewis H. Bacon, Jr., *Auto Mechanics*
Appointed, 1927
"Where's my pipe?"

Clarence R. Lyond, *Science, Mathematics*
Appointed, 1928
"Now, when I was in college—"

Hilmer S. Nelson, *Agriculture*
Appointed, 1925
"You don't raise chickens by just lifting them."

Jalmer N. Nelson, *Science, Mathematics*
Appointed, 1924
"Ten cents for the golf balls." "Check it."

Ray G. Parker, *Mechanical Drawing*
Appointed, 1922
"By George!"
"Was it you—or you?"

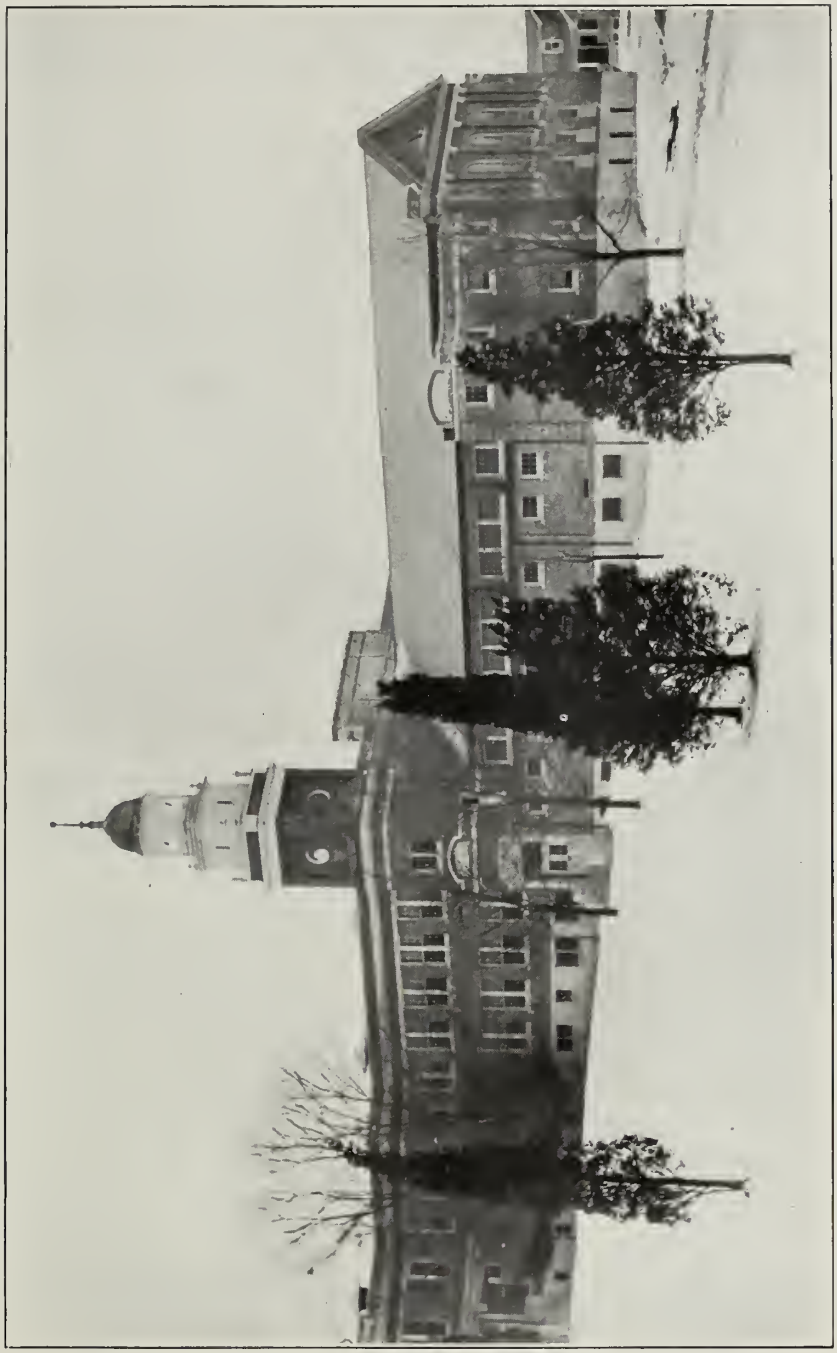
James F. Steele, *English, History, Civics*
Appointed, 1926
"So much for that."

Francis E. Whipple, Jr., *Printing*
Appointed, 1925
"Is today Monday?" "Yes, all day!" "What are you going to do about it?" "Neat but not gaudy."

Louis Whitford, *Carpentry*
Appointed, 1926
"Take a whisker off."

Joseph K. Whittemore, *Shoemaking*
Appointed, 1927
"Aw—be yourself."

K. O. Windsor, *Woodworking*
Appointed, 1926
"Got a girl?"



The Trade School Building
The Mechanical Drawing Room
and
The Auto Repair Shop

Class of 1929

Senior Basket Ball Team

Class Officers

Salutatorian

Valedictorian

Senior Play Cast

Class Motto

Good Morning, Life!

Class Ode

Look up and say, "Good morning, life."
Bring on your laughter, joy, and strife;
  We'll dare to face them all.
A conquest waits beyond the gate
Flung open to the voice of fate,
  And we must heed its call.

Ours is the making of our souls;
Ours are the shining, longed-for goals,
  The visions of the years.
The challenge tests the strength of youth.
It calls for courage, honor, truth,
  To carry on through fears.

The greatest truth, the highest aim,
The lofty seat of deathless fame,—
  Ambitious hopes are rife.
Beware, ye foes, whate'er ye be.
We've said, "Good morning, destiny";
  And now—"Good morning, life."

Katherine Andrews

Four Year Honor Roll

DOROTHEA ELIZABETH ABBOTT
IRENE NANCY ADAMS
KATHERINE BLACKFORD ANDREWS
ELEANOR BATES
ANDREA LOUISE BELCHER
GEORGE FRANK EMERSON
BARBARA LEE WINCHENBACH

The REFLECTOR

Salutatory Address

BRIDGE BUILDERS

George Frank Emerson

To all our friends, who have assembled here today, we, the class of 1929, extend a most sincere welcome.

Fathers and mothers, whose interest and loving sacrifices have spurred us on to attain this goal, we greet you affectionately and hope that you will share in our success.

Superintendent of Schools and members of the School Committee, we welcome you to our graduation exercises and, at this time, wish to express our appreciation for the many privileges you have given us.

Principal and teachers, to you, who have patiently counselled and inspired us by your example, we offer our parting greeting as students of the Weymouth High School.

The history of early days teaches us that Rome, some seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, recognized four chief sacred colleges: the Keepers of the Sybilline Books, the college of Augurs, the College of Heralds, and the College of Pontiffs. The College of Pontiffs was so called, probably, because one of the duties of its members was to keep in repair a certain bridge over the Tiber. This guild was the most important of all the religious institutions of the Romans; for to the Pontiffs belonged the superintendence of all religious matters. The head of the College was called Pontifex Maximus, or "Chief Bridge Builder," a title which was assumed by the Roman emperors, and after them by the Christian bishops of Rome. Thus the name has come down to our time.

Bridge builders, the pioneers who by great effort and sacrifice construct the ways and means across the great chasms of life, are present in every line of constructive effort, genius, and knowledge.

The school, which has become an institution of learning, not only of the classics and science, but also of the practical arts, may well be considered as the first foundation of this bridge over the gap which we ourselves should be unable to cross alone. Our teachers, who have taught us each year, step by step, one principle and then another until today, when we receive the pass which allows us to cross their part of the construction of this great bridge, are well deserving of the following tribute by Theodore Roosevelt: "There is no profession in the country quite as important as the profession of teacher, ranging from the college president right down to the lowest paid teacher in any one of our smallest country schools. There is no other profession so important."

As a result of this educational system which we enjoy, the intellectual life of each and every one of us is elevated. An opportunity is given whereby we may learn from the writings of historians and the researches of the scientists, with the result that in all walks of life the trend of the public mind is always upward. Hence the first span of our bridge may well be called the intellectual span.

The intellectual life, nurtured by the training of the schools could not function were it not for the support of the state or government, whether it be kingdom, empire, or republic. The statesmen, who by their keen perception of future developments constructed systems of control or government, have been building this foundation since the days of the ancient kings. As Americans we might well remember the names of these men: Edmund Burke, who foretold the American Revolution, which resulted in the formation of our government; George Washington, the Father of our Country, without whom we should probably never have won our independence from the British Crown, and without whom we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of wrangling little communities drifting toward the type of government prevalent in Spanish America; and Abraham Lincoln, without whom we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won.

Good citizenship, made possible by our educational advantages and state principles, places a great responsibility upon us. "We

American have many grave problems to solve, many threatening evils to fight, and many deeds to do, if, as we hope and believe, we have the wisdom, the strength, the courage, and the virtue to do them. We demand that all citizens shall have fair treatment in every way; that all alike shall have their rights guaranteed them." We Americans, either native or naturalized, will work for our country, America first, last, and all the time. America against the world; America right or wrong; always America." Good citizenship is a span of this bridge supported not only by the school and state, but also by the foundation of science.

Science, a knowledge of principles and truth, is a worthy support. It is evident that these principles firmly adhere in all parts of this construction. Knowledge and truth are the principles we look for and hope to find in every great undertaking. Progress along this pathway has placed in our possession all that is good, made by human hands. Every human endeavor which has been developed upon scientific lines has aided in placing before us the pleasures and comforts obtainable today.

The most notable achievement is the production of power by machine, which was made possible by James Watt who developed the steam engine. The varieties of machines that produce power have opened the door to practically all mechanical development. Power has been utilized to produce light, heat, and sound. The four names in this field that are familiar to us all are Thomas A. Edison, Samuel F. B. Morse, Alexander Graham Bell, and Guglielmo Marconi. Edison, the greatest genius of the world, has developed the use of electricity for light, heat, and power; Morse has utilized electricity for the transmitting of sound by wire; Bell has discovered the art of transmitting the human voice by wire; and Marconi has made use of electric energy to transmit impulses and create the human voice by gathering these impulses from the air and so has given us the radio.

Power has been utilized in every field of industry, which, in turn, has elevated our economic existence so that the captains of industry, of finance, and of labor are each equally dependent upon the other.

Social life or character makes the last span of this bridge. Character, a moral quality, an individuality, the stamp impressed by nature, education, and habit, by which people are classified, is developed by contact with the home, the school, and the church. Some of us will start from here and continue character building by competing in active industry; others will continue with further education;—but all of us in due time will associate with you and aid in the construction of this span for those who are to follow.

The last support or buttress is the home and the church, which, though separate, are one. Theodore Roosevelt once said: "We cannot have good citizenship in the present unless the average man and the average woman do their duty in their homes; we cannot have good citizenship in the future unless in the average home the average boy and girl are so brought up that in the future they will be American men and women of the right type, able and anxious to meet all the exacting demands that American citizenship now makes, and that it will make in an ever increasing degree upon our people as the generations pass."

The church, the foundation of all intellectual and spiritual life, the support of all that is good, the structure which makes possible the development of mind and character, the haven of the sore and depressed, the outward form by which men indicate their recognition of the existence of a God, completes our bridge.

There are many other names of people that are equally worthy to be cited in addition to the few that have been mentioned. Each one of these might well be called the "Pontifex Maximus" of the particular branch or line or span of the endeavor for the development of which his life and labor has been spent. But the spirit of all has been fittingly expressed in these lines:

An old man treading a long highway
Came in the evening cold and gray
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
That stood 'twixt him and the other side.
But the old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he paused when safe on the other side
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow traveler near,
"You're wasting your time a building here;
Your journey will end with the closing day.
You never again will pass this way,
You've crossed this chasm, deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge in the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head.
"Good friend, in the way I have come," he said,
"There followed after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way;
This stream which has been as naught to me
To that fair youth might a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

Valedictory Address

"THE FAR HORIZON'S BECKONING SPAN"

Eleanor Bates

There is a great fascination about mountain climbing; it the thrill of looking forward to the top—or is it the exertion itself? Anne Shannon Monroe says:

"Ambitious mountain climbers who are reaching steadily ever greater heights where the minor details of the world down below sink into insignificance and the wide-flung contours become more and more pronounced, signal continually to those loitering along the easy trails: 'Come on up! The view is worth it — come on up!' It is not an invitation. It is a challenge."

Although the challenge to the mountaineer is urgent, in order to reach the top he must have a vision. Then, when the mists close in about him so that he cannot clearly see the goal, he will not hesitate and turn back.

The architect had a vision—a glorious vision. He had pondered upon it for a long time; it had taken him even longer to realize his vision on paper and apply the finishing touches. But now he had the greatest compensation of an artist, the satisfaction of having created something, a product of his own imagination. It was the conception of a city fifty years later: massive structures towering toward the sky; and intriguing network of busy streets alive with people; rushing trains; automobiles, swift, luxurious; strange aircraft hovering over the giant skyscrapers. The whole impression was one of intensified development, of the splendid strength of man. With the sun's rays flooding the model city, it was a veritable Utopia.

The architect, who, fifty years ago, conceived this was denounced as a fool, a dreamer. "Preposterous! Altogether impossible!" people said of his drawing. Yet such is the scene in any of our big cities to-day. Tragic, perhaps, that it was not in the architect's power to make his creation a reality, that the power lay in the hands of those who scorned his dream; tragic that he did not even live to see his model city reach the stage of development which he had portrayed. Nevertheless, the architect had one of fundamental qualities needed in advancing civilization as well as in mountain climbing—vision.

"I'm tired of building up somebody else's civilization," a man once said. In contrast, is the heroic self-sacrifice of hundreds of famous men, and of thousands who are not famous. They not only had the vision, they strove to fulfil that vision, never compromising the things that make for character. How many mountains Abraham Lincoln, the great-souled emancipator, climbed, to build up somebody else's civilization! To his contemporaries, the struggle between the North and South involved the concrete issue of slavery; to him, it involved the whole principle of human liberty. This power of foresight caused Lincoln to risk personal ambition—one might almost say, his life. Yet he willingly gave himself heart and soul to the task of saving the Union.

The mountaineer may have the architect's vision and Lincoln's spirit of self-sacrifice; still there is something else he needs to reach that topmost peak—faith.

The negro race, perhaps more than any other on earth, has an indomitable spirit of faith. Even after the negro was legally free, he could not shake off the moral and spiritual bonds which the white race had forced upon him; but through oppression, through hardship, he clung to his hope for the future—in the words of a negro poet:

"Courage! Look out, beyond, and see
The far horizon's beckoning span.
Faith in your God-known destiny!
We are a part of some great plan."

Now, as we face the future, we look forward to the part we shall have in making it. Its darker aspects we cannot fully realize, but trusting in God to give us strength and wisdom, we are ready to set out under our motto: "Good morning, Life!" And we do not say it in the flippant, blase manner so many people believe characterizes the youth of this generation, but reverently, each with a keen sense of his own responsibility.

Parents and friends, may our gratitude today partly compensate for the many times we have been unworthy of your love and guidance. We know we cannot prove our sincerity in words, only in our future lives.

Members of the School Committee and Superintendent of Schools, your efforts to give us the best in education will be a constant incentive to greater achievements and to the maintenance of a high standard of citizenship in this community.

Principal and teachers, not only the knowledge you have taught us, but the ideals you have endeavored to inspire, will have a profound influence throughout our lives; for "you become what you care about, and think upon, and love."

Classmates, to-day we are looking forward. We must have vision, self-sacrifice, faith, and the capacity for hard work. Mountain climbing is not easy. But to-morrow, perhaps, we shall reach "the ever greater heights where the details of the world down below sink into insignificance." Then, let us not be content, but signal to those loitering along the easy trails: "Come on up! The view is worth it—come on up!"

Class Poem

Jane Stub

Gay, golden visions we see in dim future,
Infinite wisdom, joy, laughter and pain.
Life lies before us, enchanting, mysterious.
We welcome its trials in reaping our gain.

Though we may falter, wearied by hardships,
Though the brave pace may slacken, the sweet goal grow dim,
We send forth our challenge, dauntless, defiant:
"Good morning, Life"—gallant, yet grim.

"Good morning, Life"—our creed and our symbol,
The brave cry of Youth, as yet untouched by pain,
With soul sweet and pure, heart gay and courageous,
Our struggle with destiny need not be in vain.

So here is our greeting to the hidden tomorrow,
Here our salute to Life's coming strife.
Let this be the emblem of our own choosing,
This be our motto: "Good morning, Life."

The REFLECTOR

Senior History

Freshman Year, '25-'26

On September 6, 1925 our class entered the Weymouth High School. Naturally most of us were wondering exactly what high school would be like. We speedily found out—aided by Mr. Brown.

In connection with the aforesaid Mr. Brown I have an interesting theory to put forward which vitally affects all freshmen classes. My theory is this: It has been noted now and again that each succeeding freshman class has been growing smaller. What is the explanation? Easy, Mr. Brown. You see, this well-known teacher has a habit of verbally chastising freshmen. And, with each vocal censuring, Mr. Brown has been scaring six weeks' growth out of some poor little freshman. That's why freshmen are small. Furthermore, since practice makes perfect, Mr. Brown retards the growth of the first year children more and more each year. So, what have you? Midgets.

However, let's continue with this history. Inevitably, the word *history* brings up thoughts of Mr. O'Donnell. Our freshman year was the first in which he was with us. Also that was the first year in which public speaking was held in the High School.

As usual, the Freshman Party was given by the seniors. The hit of the party was Joey Santacroce, who captivated the senior girls to such a degree that they, personally, conducted him about. Most of us were given our first dancing lesson at that party, and we were extremely bashful. Oh, yes. This party was held in the new wing, which had just been completed.

As is the way with freshman classes everywhere, innumerable little incidents took place during the year, some of which made us laugh and some of which made us feel sad. And so the year passed, until on June 23, 1926 we were ready to cast aside the despised title, *freshmen,* and became sophomores; and one-fourth of our high school career was over.

Sophomore Year, '26-'27

The class of '29 entered its sophomore year with an awakened sense of superiority in comparison with its more or less subdued air of the preceding year. However, memories of that year did not make the class more sympathetic towards the new freshmen; in fact, it seemed as if the spirit that pervaded the class was one of revenge. About this time many of us were spending more time in trying to find newer methods of fooling the teachers than in preparing our lessons; but the first term marks soon put an end to this game.

Our first attempt to gain recognition was "Freak Day". Unthought of talent was discovered at every turn. Our hearts swelled as we noticed the admiring glances of the upper and lower classmen. Elated by the success of our first social event, we decided that so illustrious a group of students must have competent leadership. At the first meeting Room 114 carried off most of the honors, for more than half of the officers were chosen from that one room. Thomas Scott was elected temporary president, with several committees serving under him.

The Christmas Party Committee, consisting of Thomas Scott, chairman, Gertrude Vaughn, Freda Garey, Dorothy Page, and Althea Holbrook, soon got to work. The party was held in the afternoon of the same day that the seniors had theirs; thus we obtained the advantage of the decorations put up by Parker Lord of the Senior Class. All those who weren't too crowded on the buses going home agreed that it was a hugh success. Presents of a very appropriate nature had been exchanged and dancing had followed.

After two months of hurried preparation, the operetta, "The Belle of Barcelona," was presented under Mr. Calderwood's direction, and was so enthusiastically received that a second performance was necessary to accommodate those wishing to hear it. Graduation day was soon upon us, and many were the wonders we vowed to perform when,

rested by the vacation, we should return as upper classmen.

Junior Year, '27-'28

In September, 1927 the class of '29 began its career as an important power in school affairs. We were all feeling rather self-sufficient with our new voting privilege; so we immediately gave advance notices for elections at class meetings. As our leaders we finally chose Francis Haviland, President; Thomas Scott, 1st Vice-President; Edward Curtin, 2nd Vice-President; Freda Garey, Secretary; Dorothy Page, Treasurer; "Gus" Conathan, Marshal.

Meanwhile the novelty of having Mr. Brown for a junior home-room teacher was wearing off, and the members of the class were secretly calling him a "good scout". However, it must be confessed that we still terrorized the freshmen with that dread name.

The Junior Party was a howling success, even though it took all of Mr. O'Donnell's strength to get some of the more bashful into the midst of festivities. It was an open secret that Eddie Curtin had dropped all the cookies on the stairs. But who cared?

The operetta, "Lelawala", held audiences in suspense for two thrilling nights. Then the teachers' play, "The Goose Hangs High", gave everyone his longed-for chance to laugh as long and as loud at the faculty as he pleased.

Athletics and debating perhaps aroused a fairly large percentage of school spirit, but we still had to listen to that same line about supporting the teams. One new sport for Weymouth High was begun when Mr. Griffin organized a hockey team.

The "high steppers" of the class found plenty of time for their fun with the Athletic Dance in March, and the Senior Dance in May.

Of course the girls could never miss such a thing as the Senior Style Show; so the majority of the feminine members of the class went to get hints for the next year.

The Junior Outing was the event of the season. Of course a little thing like seasickness didn't matter, and the boat trip to Provincetown was something to be remembered. Who could resist Mr. Brown's red hat? And to some venturesome spirits monuments were made for the express purpose of dare-devil climbing "stunts."

Thus the Junior Class stepped into the place of the seniors. But we had a better place to come back to—a whole new wing, and a "dandy" new gym.

Senior Year '28-'29

In the fall of 1928 we once more returned as dignified and, to our minds, sophisticated seniors on the last lap of our school career. In order to prove that we were the leaders and that the freshmen were welcome, we tended them an entertainment and dance in the new gymnasium. "The Collegians" furnished excellent music and certainly kept us sliding on that floor.

When Mr. Hilton called general assemblies, we had the pleasure of taking our stand on the stage, although we were very poor examples for the underclassmen. On one of these occasions Jane Stub received a silver cup for writing the best short story for the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications.

Our Christmas Party was held on December 21, in the girls' gymnasium, where we enjoyed an evening long to be remembered. Its success was due mostly to Jack White and his committee of twelve. How can we forget Housman's spats; dear old Santa, whose part was taken by our genial Mr. Brown; Mr. Griffin's rubber heels; Mr. Stewart's hair tonic; and Mr. O'Donnell's history book!

The football season seemed to be full of misfortune for our boys, but the basketball proved much better. The faculty games afforded us a splendid chance to criticize and yet grudingly to praise some of our illustrious teachers. Owing to the lack of interest of the student body, we were deprived of a school baseball team. A motion picture, Rod La Rocque in "Hold 'Em, Yale!", was given in the High School Auditorium to help defray athletic expenses.

Of course all our effort and attention was not devoted to athletics and the pursuit of pleasure. We all remember long and dreary hours spent on the composition, "Why I Should Vote." Eleanor Bates and Katherine Andrews, both members of our class, received first and second prizes respectively for their remarkable explanation of the above. In a

debate, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a parliamentary form of government", the seniors, upholding the affirmative, won over the juniors. At a general gathering of the school, the literary club under the supervision of Miss Humphrey and Mrs. White presented a splendid account of the life and works of Edwin Markham.

The Operetta, "Captain Crossbones", under the direction of Mr. Calderwood, Mrs. McGrath, and Miss Canning, was an overwhelming success on both nights. The costumes, scenery, music, actors, and audience added greatly to its wonderful outcome.

In the early spring, many class meetings were held to elect our several necessary committees. As a matter of course the members of the graceful sex, eagerly dreaming of laces and frills, attended a style show demonstrating graduation dresses.

In May our greatest social event, the Senior Dance, went off great. The happy attendants danced the whole evening with much merriment. The music was furnished by the LaFayette Orchestra. The committee received much praise both for the decorations and the management of the affair. The returns brought us much relief to think that, after all, our banquet would consist of delicious food.

The Senior Class play, "The Charm School", kept everyone in laughter throughout its performance. Remember the buggy scene with "Gus" and "Cookie".

Now, having reached the end of our school days, we must put away as memories the good times at Weymouth High. Let us hope that the ideals and teachings of our instructors will remain with us. We have met for final farewells, and soon shall take up our course in struggling with obstacles which we all hope to overcome and then stand foremost with a gleaming smile of success! So now let's say, "Good morning, life!"

Class Will

Be it Remembered that we, the Class of 1929 of Weymouth High School, in this town of Weymouth, in Norfolk County, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

To the Students of the Weymouth High School, we do bequeath with tender regret and reluctance of heart, this magnificent school building, its faculty, its spirit, and its atmosphere, and all that these things mean to us, the departing number. We make this behest in the fullest expectancy that you will keep them faithfully and carefully, especially the faculty; them we label: "Perishable Goods—Handle With Care."

In order that the building may be more acceptable to you, we recommend that several alterations in its design and equipment be made.

First: the lunch room should be converted into a first class one-arm hash house. The following equipment will be supplied by us: a one-armed chair for *each* and *every* customer; a gum-vending slot machine, encouraging frequenters of the lunch counter to patronize the "Neighborhood Gum Man"; a player piano and a roll entitled "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich, and You." No other air is to be played during the masticating session so that the harmonious effect of the melody and soup-sipping accompaniment may not be lost; a number of rubber plates with which to serve those who are afflicted with that dread disease, "Butter Fingers," more technically known as "Dropsy." This addition in itself will reduce the upkeep of the counter;—a quantity of Woolworth's heavy plated tin ware to foster better table manners, something which has suffered greatly from the lack of this service;—a fund of fifty-five cents has been established and generously subscribed to by the members of this Class. This sum, we feel, will amply provide for the usual generous portions of ham obtainable in our famous

ham sandwiches. To Mr. Whittle we leave a complete gum-shoe outfit to supplement his present disguise and to aid him in his task of apprehending those who invariably deposit their bottles and dishes is out-of-the-way places in the lunch room. We suggest that he also be given a rubber cap and cigar to complete the Sherlock Holmes effect. The first period carpentry class is at work on their latest invention, a broom which automatically renews itself with the least sign of wear, which device will be presented to Mr. Whittle upon its perfection.

Second: Room 114, the discipline room, should be a model club salon; overstuffed chairs and a heavy art-square will replace the present furnishings. Entertainment will be furnished by Weymouth's leading auto horn ensemble, which serenades each afternoon. This change, we believe, will add a little cheer to the drab, but well-attended sessions which are held daily.

Third: We are to revert to the original hourglass to provide the time. The present electric system of time keeping has produced clocks of a strange nature.

Fourth: Escalators should be used instead of the present stairways. These will slow down the rapid exit of pupils during the lunch periods to a more safe and sane rate of speed. It might well be mentioned that slow motion pictures originated in Weymouth when a Pathe camera man photographed one of the above exits and found that the screen showed things at a standstill.

Fifth: Hair grooming preparations and hard rubber combs should be obtainable on every floor. The comb-slinging cavaliers, who perform every recess throughout the building will appreciate these conveniences.

Sixth: Television should replace the present telephone system as a means of communication between the office and home rooms, so that teachers may more easily make known their wants by using the sign language rather than the human voice, which at present is incapable of being understood.

We are especially desirous of leaving this year's issues of the *Reflector* to the various English classes. They are gems of journalism, furnishing peerless models of brevity, dignity, and modesty.

With the aid of our able dramatic director, we have perfected a course in beauty treatment, dealing with the technique of the lipstick, the eyebrow pencil, and the powder puff. Next year's Senior Public Speaking Classes will be given an opportunity to judge the merits of this colorful course.

The "Four Musketeers"; namely, Porter, Hodges, McKenzie, and White, are eager to replenish Mrs. White's stock of afternoon session slips, which they have so completely exhausted during the past year.

Mr. O'Donnell, we know, will gladly accept a moving belt to be installed on the floor of Room 207 to save the wear and tear on his shoes that is occasioned by his restless roving during examination periods.

The Senior Dance Committee leaves a set of pass keys to provide exit from the gym during intermission.

We bequeath to the Library a number of the season's "best sellers," including "Silas Marner," "Burke's Speech on Conciliation," "Macaulay's Johnson," "Life of Goldsmith;" and these we advise the librarian to keep on hand at all times in accordance with their popularity.

We leave to "Ken" Porter an assortment of crimson neckwear.

To Pete Hodges we leave a parachute—come down out of the clouds.

Andrew Housman will receive a pair of spats.

To Marjorie Linscott we leave an alarm clock.

And to Bob Crawford we leave a "Chicken" Farm.

And last, but not least in importance, we leave the goodwill of the Class of '29 to those who will some day become seniors.

Mary Lonergan '29
Louise Blanchard '29

* * * *

She (leaving show): "That play was all talk."

He: "Well, it's called 'The Woman,' you know."

The REFLECTOR

Class Prophecy

Allow me to offer these lines as an intermediary for what is to follow.

While tempus was fugiting four years away, all of us were unconsciously, more or less, exhibiting those idiosyncrasies which we possessed, or better (or worse) which we were forming. Need it be said that we, the unfortunates, to whom this colossal task was meted out, that we, I repeat, were not observant of this fact? No, it need not be.

For example, the fact that a certain student may have habitually entered class ten minutes late does not sufficiently warrant his growing up to become a commuter; by no means. Besides this, he must have had romantic leanings in order to get a girl; then, too, a certain giddiness in order to marry her, and to have a wife to get his breakfast just late enough to necessitate his dressing on the way to the station. No, if he does not possess these characteristics, he will probably become a street cleaner, an elevator operator, or a railroad president.

In view of this, we have arranged the facts below after careful and fatiguing research, coupled with the expert advice of certain of our fellow students.

Leon Didion, Chairman *Andrea Belcher*
Cynthia Eck *J. N. McKenzie*
Louis Jorgensen *Jane Stub*
John McAleer *Sylvia Burnett*

* * * *

Dorothea Abbott
"Dot" broke into the cinemas with her histrionic ability and her pulchritude. She is now famous as "Cleopatra the Second."

Nancy Adams
She teaches Choctaw over where they speak Yiddish, or it might be vice versa—Nancy always was good at languages.

Dorothy Alden
"Dot" is now a teacher of English at the Weymouth High School. Her fondness for English grew with leaps and bounds in English IV.

Katherine Andrews
Successor to Mabel Willebrandt. She has made the country so dry that "desert lore" doesn't have to be sought in Africa.

Elizabeth AuCoin
Successor to Colleen Moore. Now starring in "Henry Made a Lady Out of Lizzie."

Nathaniel Austin
"Nat" has a clam business at North Weymouth. We all know that he would make the grade.

Minnie Avery
Famous lecturer and reformer. The last brilliant piece of oratory she delivered was "Why our Pollywogs Are Dejected."

Louise Bailey
Louise is starring on the silver screen. Her most popular production to date is "Figures Don't Lie, Do They?" No, Louise, they don't.

Gordon Barnes
Well-known scientist. Gordon has been making a research regarding Darwin's theory and recently made the startling revelation that the cootie is the animal nearest to man.

Warren Bastey
"Mush" has at last reached the pinnacle of success. After a brilliant sojourn at Lady Pinkerton's Military Academy, he is now the champion wet and dry shooter with a three-foot target.

Eleanor Bates
After hard work she perfected a universal language similar to Hog Latin, which she hopes even the dumb animals can master. "Don't do that to the poor pussy cat" must have been written in anticipation of this.

Paul Bates
Inventor of the famous player violin which runs on roller skates.

Andrea Belcher
Model for the "talkies'" *Girlish Giggle*. When you hear Clara Bow or Billie Dove sweetly chortle "Tcehee," it's more than likely to be Andrea's fluty treble.

Joseph Bicknell
"Joe" is now famous in the outboard motor field. Besides holding all records, he is able to run a motor on its priming. He merely fools the engine by putting a picture of a quart of gasoline in the tank.

Louise Blanchard
Hostess in Morey Pearl's latest "Children's Tent." She got her experience for teaching these youthful aspirants at Fogg's movie ball, of course.

Helen Bourden
Understudy for Clara Bow. Helen goes

Clara one better—she has "this" and "that" and "them" and "these" and "those" as well as "it."

Eileen Bourque

Eileen married an oil-man from the breezy West, and found out he ran a gas station in the "Windy City."

John Burke

He has just taken over Kincaide's. We now see many improvements in the furniture business.

Sylvia Burnett

America's Ideal Sweetheart. She's so sweet that she once narrowly escaped death in a candy factory.

Edith Caton

On a tour through the South pleading for donations to supply downcast alligators with pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. Many unfortunate alligators have died of melancholia, craving for this tasty dish.

Michael Cicchese

Leading historian of the country and an acknowledged authority on political science. "Mike," no doubt, obtained his start by his diligent attention in his history classes.

Mario Cignarella

Mario has just opened a second-hand medal store where ex-soldiers may buy heroic decorations of every description. "Cig" was able to start business on the collection which he made during his four-year stay at Weymouth's greatest institute of learning.

Ruth Clark

Started the famous Question Club. For example: "Do eggs really grow on egg plants or are they laid by rabbits?" She declares she knows the answer, but we wonder!

Paul Cleaves

Dartmouth has advanced considerably since "Rhyming Couplet" left there. He says he wishes he were still back in Weymouth High, a little shaver six-feet tall.

Patricia Collins

"Pat" is an accomplished Terpsichorean artist now and has played in some of the successful musical comedies on Broadway. She has just made a tour of the West, and is once more open for *engagements*.

Lillian Comeau

Lillian has a fine position as an interpreter. She interprets four different languages, including English. She received some of her training as secretary on the *Reflector* staff, where she used to translate the material handed to her by the contributors.

Philip Conathan

Coach at Weymouth High School. "Gus" certainly turns out winning teams. But think of the remarkable start he had at the W. H. S.!

Cathorn Cook

Runs an up-to-date sanitarium catering chiefly to those suffering from the after-effects of W. H. S. afternoon sessions. She has an understanding heart!

Edith Craig

Edith is a nurse in the Weymouth Hospital. We wonder why there are so many male patients there.

Margaret Crawford

Ellen is the author of many beauty pamphlets, in which she states "Kissproof is the most economical and time-saving lipstick. It stays on a whole evening, no matter what kind of party!"

Robert Crawford

He is the author of a number of books. Among them are "Tobacco and Its Evils" and "Women and How to Handle Them."

Edward Curtin

"Ed" always wanted to do something big. His wish is granted, for he now has a monopoly on the sale of watermelons.

Ruth Cushing

We expected this. She's a missionary to distant Hoppallnitenburg, preaching on the evils of dancing.

Joseph Dalesandro

Noted banker and foremost economist of the country. "Joe" says that a penny saved is a pocket burned.

Mary Daley

Molly started a round-the-world-and-back-flight, and had reached England when she had to turn back. She had forgotten the gas under the Sunday roast.

Florence DeLorey

"Flossy" is now a first-class stenographer. Her boss tears his hair in rage at the

many times she is absent because of *illness*. She cultivated the habit at Weymouth High School.

Florence DeMers

She is Weymouth's gift to the theatre-goer, and has had the longest engagement in Broadway in its history—as an usher.

Leon Didion

This graduate now writes his name "Leon Didion, AB, MA, ME, MD, SOS," to show the degree of intelligence he has attained. One of his finest poems is "Pull 'Em Softly, Gungha Din."

Cynthia Eck

Prominent young lecturer. Now making a tour of Hingham, lecturing on "Cows and their Effect on Education."

Eleanor Eldridge

Rose O'Neil's only competitor in the Kewpie Doll industry. Eleanor got her inspiration for her work by the compliments she received when she drew the cover of her history note-book.

George Emerson

President of Harvard College. We all knew that George would succeed.

Paul Fay

World famous jockey and livestock dealer. He has a car which goes—now and then.

Dorothy Fitzpatrick

Dainty, admired cinema star. Her last picture was "Romance under Weymouth Nights."

Albert Fraher

Albert is now playing football for the Providence Steam Rollers. Dame Rumor has it that he was seen talking with a girl. Now be careful, "Abbie."

Walter Frederickson

Inventor of a new type of car—"Frederickson Super-Six." Walt thought the present college "flivver" harbored too many "nuts."

Raymond Fulton

After graduation from the famous Carnegie Technical Institute he is now our famous horse doctor, specializing in hoofs.

Gladys Gadsby

She is very versatile. She began by raising poultry, but in her latest venture she is Miss Sherlock Holmes of the Royal Canadian Mounted Policewomen, and always gets her man!

Freda Garey

First violinist in Taber's Symphonic Troubadours, now being featured at Fogg's Opera House. We knew she'd make good.

Jacob Ginsberg

Jacob is in the automobile business now. "Jake" tells us that cheap automobiles would be all right if they weren't so expensive.

Flora Graham

Has a job with a cosmetics manufacturing firm. She illustrates the adaptability of cosmetics over rosy blushes.

Michael Guidice

He has achieved his boyhood ambition—that of being an inventor. Notable among his many triumphs are the automatic waste-paper basket and an alarm clock that doesn't ring. By the way, he has a monopoly on the latter invention.

David Gunville

Renowned for his famous last words, "Boo-hoo! I'm going right home to mother."

Robert Hamilton

"Bob" had highly cherished hopes of being a professor until he sat in the front row of Ziegfeld's Follies. Now he is one of our foremost stage producers. We always knew that our Robert wasn't bashful, didn't we?

Albert Harms

A famous "butter and egg" man—mostly egg, because of his vast poultry farms on Pond Plain. The reason for his success is the he feeds his hens prunes from his well-pruned prune trees.

Robert Harrington

"Bob" is with the "Yanks" now, and he sure can knock that ball for a "loop." Incidentally poor "Bob" is worried. You all know the old saying about gentlemen preferring blonds.

Francis Haviland

Head coach of hopscotch and tennis at Chelsea High School. That's not the best job in the world for our President.

Percy Hodges

Author. His most recent and widely read publication is "Work and How to Avoid It."

Edward Holmes

He is leader of the opposition in the Senate

of Lilliput. "No!" is all he says and he says it louder now.

Andrew Housman

Andrew is on the stage now. The show can't go on without him, because he raises the curtain.

Edward Hunt

"Ed" is one of the foremost authorities in the country on education. He says that the greatest high-school faculty is that of doing without sleep.

Geneva Hunt

Successor to Martha Lee. She tells you how to blend goldfish and string beans with dressing to make an attractive salad—the taste is immaterial.

Elna Jensen

World-famous dietician. Patronize her, if you have the price; her rates are one dollar a calorie. Address — 419287 Great Hill, North Weymouth, Mass., U. S. A.

Robert Johnson

"Bob" suddenly stepped into the limelight when he became a history professor, but you'll have to "pardon his informality."

Walter Jordan

This graduate has the key to success. He has discovered a method of photographing moonshine. We believe this invention was made while trying to avoid some work.

Louis Jorgensen

Minister of the First Congregational, Episcopalian, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Quaker, or what-have-you church. He also preaches at the synagogue.

Helen Lang

Has won numerous loving cups for her witty remarks. Helen always liked to *Winn* things.

Helen Lebossiere

She was breaking the record for the Balloon Ascension, when a well known voice abruptly called back to earth with "Next example."

Marjorie Linscott

Marjorie is married now, but, boys, don't look so disappointed. She is married to and eighty-five year old millionaire, and "Peanut" says, " 'Twon't be long now."

Elwood Litchfield

"Ellie" has gained the top rung of the ladder and is now a member of the Boston Sympathy Orchestra. He plays the violin and sometimes sings—but why bring that up? He attributes his success to Weymouth High School.

Mary Lonergan

Traveling saleswoman for Quittem's Smart Headgear. The last time the Prince of Wales's horse fainted at the sweepstakes and the Prince remarked softly, "Blimey! I've lost the Derby," Mary had sold him one bushel gross weight of silk opera hats before he'd recovered.

Norman Loud

The great chemist and inventor of the coming era. Among his most extraordinary inventions are a long yardstick and striped paint for Christmas candy.

Edward Macquinn

Famous movie star. There is a saying, "Love one another," but "Ed" loves one and then another.

Marion Martin

Marion recently left for Africa, to teach the heathen the Einstein Theory.

James McAleer

Contrary to the prediction that Jim would be President of the United States, he has ungratifyingly won distinction as the country's foremost fancier of rabbits and guinea pigs. He won first prize in Madison Square Garden.

John McAleer

John has at last reached his greatest ambition — a yachtsman. He has just perfected a sailless sailboat and is working on a motorless motorboat.

Edward McClune

Living illustration of the age old adage: "Women prefer blonds."

Jerome McDonald

Jerome's careful work in the print shop punching holes in cardboard and snapping bacteria off newly printed *Reflectors* earned for him, almost after graduation, the position of official caretaker of the South Shore golf links. Here he whittles down the holes to the standard measurement of 17.3 mm. His work has been generally praised by patrons of the course.

Margaret McDonald

"Margy" is now in the movies. The title of her next picture is "Five and Ten Maggie." She received her experience for this

film under the employ of Sebastian S. Kresge.

John N. McKenzie
This wit is now devoting all the power of his genius towards becoming the most proficient back-seat driver of a parachute.

Mary McKenna
Mary has become the private secretary of John D. Rockefeller. She already has a large collection of brand new dimes.

Mabel McKenzie
Recently won the speed contest for Latin translation. Time, four minutes, five sixth seconds for 100 pages.

Russell McNeill
Printing teacher of the Weymouth Trade School. "Russ" also plays the "sax" and has had several offers to go with Mal Hallet.

Beatrice Melville
After several matrimonial plunges and as many divorces, "Bee" claims figuring up back alimony has it all over making out an income tax.

John McMorrow
"Sharkey" has at least reached the peak of his highest ambition. He is chief elevator boy in the Woolworth Tower.

Grace Nash
Grace has such a large family that she hires a trolley car to take them for an airing. But don't jump to conclusions—she's the matron of an orphan asylum.

Laura Nash
Laura is the girl whose name was in the paper the other day. "Among those present at the Barbecue were society women, working girls, scrub ladies, etc."

Ethelbert Nickerson
A political fanatic. Always on the opposition. Started the famous saying: "I'm from Weymouth; so save your breath!"

Catherine O'Connor
Due to her success with Quarterly World News Tests, Catherine now has a position picking out questions. We rejoice that we have graduated.

Anna Osborn
Anna has a position with "The Weymouth Gossip." She interviews all the Hollywood stars, including Gary Cooper, Richard Dix, Douglas, Jr., and Richard Arlen.

Dorothy Page
"Dot," the popular treasurer of the "No Stopping Them" Aeronautic Club of Weymouth, has just completed the first nonstop flight across Whitman's Pond to Riley Avenue.

Vera Parker
Now broadcasting swimming in ten lessons over the radio. Evidently Vera went canoeing and had to walk back.

Mary Parnell
Mary has recently accepted the position of teacher of Spanish at W. H. S. Spanish always was Mary's pet subject.

Eleanor Pearson
Established the "Wastebasket for Budding Authors." Her motto is: "Use pencil or we won't have no fun rubbin' nothing out." Imagine that!

Ethel Peers
Whoever thought that Ethel would marry a sword-swallower, and then become a full-fledged mosquito-trainer? Please train them to like artichokes instead of us.

Olga Peterson
Only woman marine. She was in Hongkong and sailed to Boston as a stowaway just so that she could run down and catch a glimpse of dear old Alma Mater.

Joseph Pica
Joe has just discovered a new kind of toothpicks which can be manufactured in only one way—by bumping a bakery cart into certain telegraph poles.

Francis Piscionere
Made his millions selling "Pictorial Weeklies" on the New York Express. (Passengers contributed to the common cause and bought all he had, to keep him still.)

Robert Pitts
Noted Critic. Bob says that what this country needs is a fireproof celluloid collar.

Ruth Pope
Ruth's ambition to become a nurse is realized. She is now in the new Prophylactic Hospital, selling tooth brushes for celluloid teeth.

Kenneth Porter
Just as we expected. No, not a garbage man! Don't be silly! He's the one who directs the spotlight at Loew's Orpheum.

Francis Pratt

"Pratty" has suddenly climbed the ladder of success and is now caretaker at Great Hill.

Mary Pratt

Mary is the supervisor of an old maids' home, teaches Sunday School, but after hours—well, she could keep track of her dates.

Alvah Raymond

New Captain of Weymouth Police. He gained his start in political life in the operetta, "Captain Crossbones," in which he portrayed, in a dignified manner, the part of a sergeant.

Katherine Regan

"Kay" runs a thriving correspondence school which teaches you to be a mechanic aviator, saxophone player, housewife, football hero, or what-have-you by mail. She attributes her success to Barnum's famous words, "There is one born every minute."

Audrey Reidy

Audrey rose from her position as the Assistant Secretary to the Assistant Assistant's Assistant, until now she is the Private Secretary's Assistant's Assistant Secretary.

Adelva Rich

"Del" is now a wealthy broker. He made his first million on "Consolidated Ash Cans." Rich has not forgotten his former classmates of IVB2.

Alberta Richmond

"Our Jazz Band" now nightly entertains the Lad-ees and Gen'men of the Rahdio Audience. She is known as "The Itch of the Ivories."

Annie Riley

Annie gained her fame by writing a charming book for young brides, "The Entrances and Exits of Matrimony."

Clarence Ripley

Shooting skyrockets!! Here's Clarence in a red suit and big white fur hat leading a band. We always knew he liked to march!

Helen Roulston

Helen is a flute player of no mean ability and is now on a concert tour of Europe.

Lena Sabonis

Only woman cop in Boston and vicinity. Beware, speedsters! Lena recently stated for the newspapers: "I got my training by watching the W. H. S. traffic signallers."

Thelma Salzgeber

The Portia of Weymouth, specializing on divorce and murder cases. Thelma does a rushing business.

Alfred Santacroce

Fred is a drug store cowboy, and a good one at that. He always has a smile when cash is paid or when a girl enters. Isn't that right, Freddie?

Antonio Scoppettuolo

"Scoppi" has just made a record in his "2 in 1 Shine Shop." "Gus" is one of his best customers, because he is charged extra to cover the expense. All customers are greeted with "Cash down." "Scoppi" agrees with the national motto: "In God we trust."

Thomas Scott

Tom is a well-known advocator of "Give me Liberty or—any other five cent magazine of which I may be business manager." He has high aims of being appointed Postmaster General.

John Sharp

You may see his picture any time an patent medicine bottles with a beard twice as long as that of the Smith Brothers. The label reads "Good for anything in the nature of headache, heartache, colds, lumbago, fevers, insomnia—a tonic internal or external."

Dorothy Shaw

"Dot's" proposals are already in the big numbers, but it's hopeless, fellows! She is determined to find out first why Englishmen wear monocles, where "hot dogs" got their name, and—but what's the use?

Irving Sherman

Heavy weight champion of the world. As a side line he teaches dancing.

Dorothy Smith

Lady chauffeur in Weymouth. She gets good tips, and so will her customers if they take the chance!

Robert Smith

"Bob" recently obtained the crown for championship in grape-fruit eating. He

does away with the dampness by using wind-shield wipers, which he demonstrates for North Weymouth's most exclusive garage.

Jane Stub

We always expected something novel and exciting of Janie, but we never thought that she would elope with Prince Gustawindsen, and boss the whole works over in Kelvinatorland.

Dorothy Sullivan

"Dot," now a school marm, is very efficient in her attendance system, which she developed while in the service of one of her illustrious instructors.

Ruby Sylvester

Ruby started a home for the feeble-minded, but she was so swamped by applicants that she had to give up or absorb the crazy atmosphere.

Theodore Taber

Prominent noise artist and radio report reader. Leader of the celebrated Monotone Band.

Josephine Thompson

This maiden from the wilds of Pond Plain has made her name famous by her literary undertaking, "The Sphinx Talks."

Frances Tirrell

Dramatic Tragedienne on the French stage. Noted for her original and peculiar pronunciations.

Richard Twigg

Poor "Dick" is in the hospital. He was playing a solo on his trombone when he forgot himself and thought he was eating a double-decker ice cream cone. The doctors say he may recover.

Frederic White

After exhaustive experiment and study, Fred has patented and placed on a business basis the Ultraplane. This plane stays up indefinitely with no motive power. All you do is talk to it.

John White

"Jack" is one of the important men in Weymouth. It is rumored that he is soon to join the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Vera White

What else but a prima donna? Last week Vera warbled for the Wayward Wanderers of Weymouth.

Wilbur Whiting

Even if you are a Congressman, don't be so exalted! We used to know you when you were a little boy and went to Weymouth High School.

Catherine Wieting

French teacher in Weymouth High School. Catherine has just returned from a trip abroad and says that the funniest thing about Paris is the American tourist.

Edward Williams

Brother of our artist. Famed chiefly as the "American Sphinx."

George Wilson

Like all other great Englishmen, he is writing a history of England. He has already written eighty volumes.

Barbara Winchenbach

Famous Massachusetts Congresswoman. Neither House has yet recovered from her notoriously fiery speech on "Corns and Acorns."

Albert Yahisizian

Instructor at the Weymouth School of Pantomine, his motto being: "If you can't talk, make motions." Incidentally he must do the latter now, because he is married.

Class Poem

There is a road that endless leads afar,
Where brilliant gleams one lonely, guiding star—
A road of sorrow, fraught with storm and strife,
The rocky, careworn road that men call "life."
There is a luring gleam of light above,
Which nought can seek to gain but toil and love,
Afar beyond that gleam lies Paradise,
Where Fortune ever dwells 'neath azure skies.

Each one of us this stony path must tread;
Each one must suffer separate grief and dread.
Upon the threshold of this path to-day
We stand—to strive and win as best we may.
Though some will fail to realize their dream,
The most will conquer and will reach the gleam;
For hearts as strong as ours will brave the strife,
And eager voices shout, "Good morning, Life!"

Andrew J. Housman, '29

ABBOTT, DOROTHEA *"Dot"*
Classical Course, Weymouth, Committees: History 4, Picture 4, Refreshment 2, Outing 4, Party 3; French Club 3; Chairman of Activities, Play; Gym Exhibition 2; Literary Club 4; Operetta 3, 4.

ALDEN, DOROTHY *"Dot"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Basketball 1, 2; Cheer Leader 4; Class Play 4; Committees: Class Colors 3, Refreshment 2; Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

ANDREWS, KATHERINE BLACKFORD *"Kat, Kay"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Assembly Speaker: Lincoln Program 4; Cashier, Lunch Room 3; Committee: History 4; Debate 4; Gym Exhibition 2; *Reflector,* Associate Editor 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; "Why Should I Vote?" Contest, Second Prize 4.

AUCOIN, ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE *"Lizzie", "Betty"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Basketball 1; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Office 4.

AUSTIN, NATHANIEL S. *"Nat"*
Carpentry Course, North Weymouth, Trade Debating 3; English Club 3; Football Manager 3.

AVERY, MINNIE *"Min"*
General Course, South Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 2.

BAILEY, LOUISE B. *"Kid"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth, Literary Club 4; Committees: Ring 3, Outing 4.

BARNES, GORDON *"Barnesy"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth, Literary Club, Vice President 4; *Reflector,* Adv. Mgr. 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4.

BASTEY, WARREN *"Mush"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth, Band 3, 4; German Club 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Literary Club 4; Orchestra 3, 4.

BATES, ELEANOR *"Elner"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Committees: Ring 3, Party 2; Essay Contest Winner 4; French Club 3; German Club 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Literary Club 4; Office 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; *Reflector* 3; Valedictorian 4.

BATES, PAUL HUMPHREY *"Humpie"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Class Play 4; Committees: Decoration 3, Motto 4; French Club: Play; German Club 4; Literary Club 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4.

BELCHER, ANDREA *"Andy"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Prophecy 4; Committees: Party 3, Decorating 3; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; French Club 3.

BICKNELL, JOSEPH *"Joe"*
Technical Course, Weymouth, German Club 4; Literary Club 4.

BLANCHARD, LOUISE *"Loo"*
General Course, South Weymouth, Basketball 1; Class Will 4; Gym Exhibition 1; Style Show 2.

BOURDEN, HELEN E. *"Clara"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4.

BOURQUE, EILEEN *"Frenchy"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Basketball 2; Committee: Refreshment 2; Gym Exhibition 2; Typewriting Certificate 4.

BURKE, JOHN *"Joe"*
Printing Course, Weymouth, Trade Baseball 2; Debating 2, 3; English Club Treasurer 2, 3; Football Manager 1.

BURNETT, SYLVIA ESTES *"Syl"*
Practical Arts Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Prophecy 4; Gym Exhibition 1.

CATON, EDITH *"Tubby"*
Practical Arts Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4.

CICCHESE, MICHAEL *"Rawny"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Party 1, 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Literary Club 4.

CIGNARELLA, MARIO JOSEPH *"Cig"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4.

CLARK, RUTH *"Ruthie"*
Classical Course, Weymouth, Basketball 2; Gym Exhibition 1; Literary Club 4; *Reflector* 2, 3.

CLEAVES, PAUL CUNNINGHAM *"The Rhyming Couplet"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth, Baseball 1; Football 4; German Club 4; Literary Club 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

COLLINS, PATRICIA *"Pat"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Committee: Party 4; Orchestra 1.

COMEAU, LILLIAN ALBERTA *"Lil"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 2; *Reflector* 4; Underwood Certificate 4.

CONATHAN, PHILIP *"Gus"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Assembly Speaker: Lincoln Program 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, Capt. 3, 4; Class Marshal; Class Play 4; Debate 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition 1; Literary Club 4.

COOK, CATHORN *"Cookie"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Basketball 2, 3, 4; Committee: Motto 4; Class Play 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Literary Club 4.

CRAIG, EDITH *"Edie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Basketball 2; Gym Exhibition 2; Operetta 4; Typewriting Certificate, Medal 4.

CRAWFORD, MARGARET *"Ellen"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Committee: Party 4; Gym Exhibition 2.

CRAWFORD, ROBERT D. *"Bob"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Committees: Dance, Chairman 4; Operetta 3; Typewriting Certificate 4; Tennis 2; Track 1, 2.

CURTIN, EDWARD FRANCIS *"Eddie"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Baseball 2, 3, 4; Committee: Party 3; Football 3; Second Vice President.

CUSHING, RUTH ELIZABETH *"Cushie"*
Practical Arts, South Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

DALESANDRO, JOSEPH *"Joe"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1; Typewriting Certificate 4.

DALEY, MARY CATHERINE *"Molly"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

DE LOREY, FLORENCE *"Flossie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

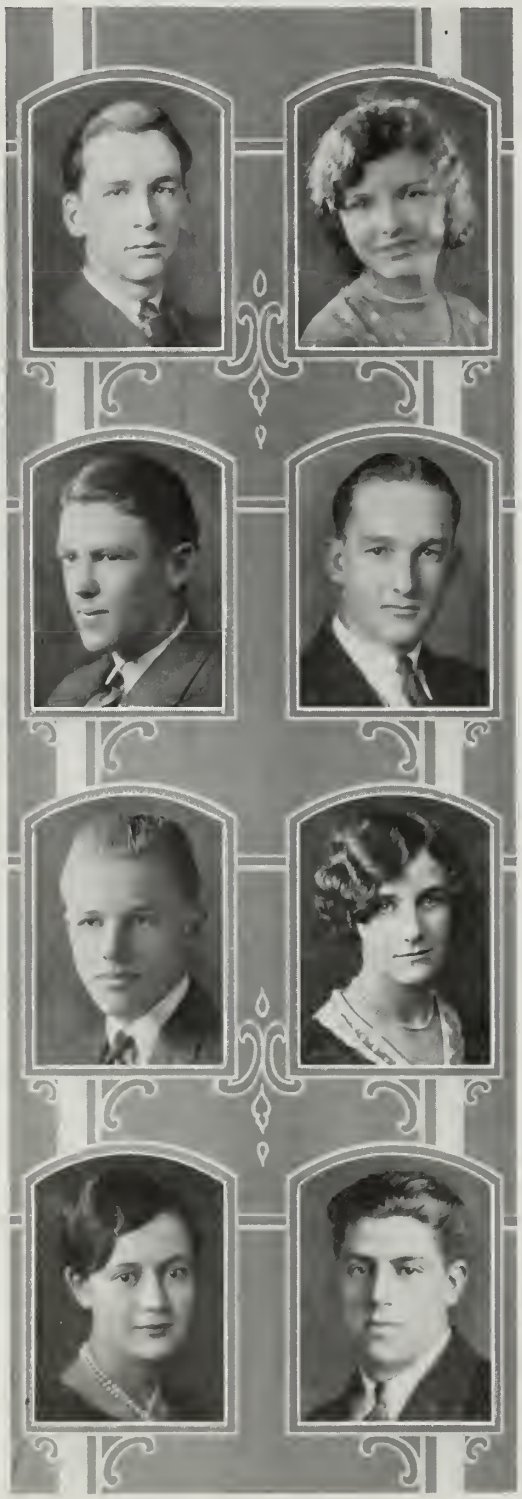
DE MERS, MARIE FLORENCE *"Pickles"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Basketball 1, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition 1, 2, 4.

DIDION, LEON JOSEPH *"Duke", "Lee"*
Classical Course, Weymouth, Committee: Prophecy 4; Literary Club 4; Track 3.

ECK, CYNTHIA *"Since"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Basketball 1, 2, 3; Committees: Prophecy 4, Ring 3, Party 4, Dance 4, Refreshment 2; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Literary Club 4.

ELDRIDGE, ELEANOR ADAMS *"El", "Ellie", "Bunny"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Typewriting Certificate 4; Office 4.

EMERSON, GEORGE FRANK *"Laddie"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Literary Club 4; Reflector 4; Salutatorian 4; Tennis 4; Track 4.



FAY, PAUL *"Jim", "Polly"*
Woodworking Course, East Weymouth, Trade Basketball 2; Debating 2, 3; English Club Secretary 2, 3.

FITZPATRICK, DOROTHY MAE *"Dot"*
General Course, North Weymouth, Class Play 4; Committee: Banquet 4.

FRAHER, ALBERT OWEN *"Abbie"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, Capt. 4; Football 2, 3, 4.

FREDERICKSON, WALTER A. *"Walt"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4.

FULTON RAYMOND *"Ray"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Motto 4; German Club 4; Tennis 3, 4; Track 4.

GADSBY, GLADYS MADELINE *"Glad"*
General Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4; Literary Club 4.

GAREY, FREDA VINING *"Fred", "Freddie", "Sis"*
General Course, Boston, Class Secretary; French Club 3; Literary Club 4; High School Entertainers 1, 2; Operetta 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

GINSBERG, JACOB *"Jakie"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth, Track 4.

GRAHAM, FLORA *"Flo"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth, German Club 4.

GUIDICE, MICHAEL *"Gun"*
General Course, East Weymouth, Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Committee: Party 4; Football 1, 2, 3, Capt. 4.

GUNVILLE, DAVID *"Red"*
Woodworking Course, East Weymouth, Trade Basketball 2; Debating 3; Football 2, 3; English Club 2, 3.

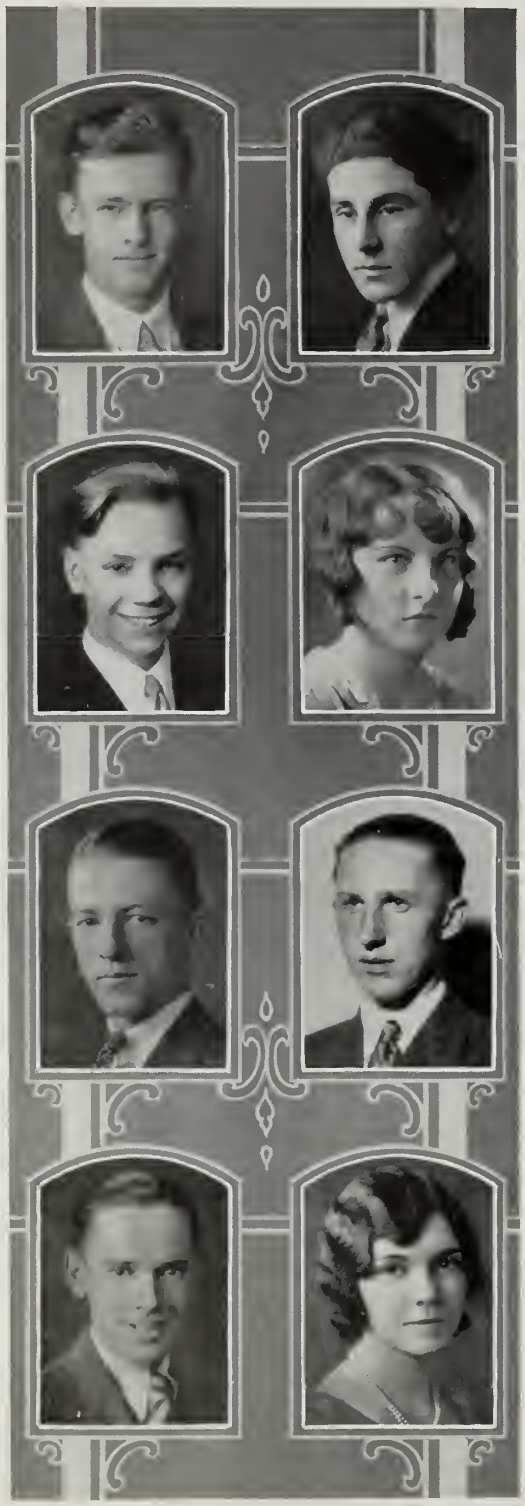
HAMILTON, ROBERT *"Bob"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Play, Assistant Chairman 4, Party 1; German Club 4; Literary Club 4; Operetta 4.

HARMS, ALBERT FREDERICK *"Al," "Jake"*
Agricultural Course. South Weymouth

HARRINGTON, ROBERT JOSEPH *"Bob"*
General Course, East Weymouth, Baseball 2, 3, 4.

HAVILAND, FRANCIS CAULFIELD
"Fran", "Franny", "Harvey"
Business Course, Weymouth, Band 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President; Class Play 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2, 3, 4; *Reflector* 2, 3, 4; Track 1.

HODGES, PERCY M. *"Proggy", "Pete"*
General Course, South Weymouth, Operetta 3.



HOLMES, EDWARD RICHMOND *"Ed"*
General Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Banquet 4.

HOUSMAN, ANDREW JOSEPH
"Howzy", "Andrew Jay"
Business Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Party 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition 1; Operetta 3; Football 4.

HUNT, EDWARD PRATT, JR. *"Ed"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth, Band 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; German Club 4; Literary Club 4.

JENSEN, ELNA MARIE *"Ell"*
Practical Arts Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1; Style Show 2.

JOHNSON, ROBERT FRANCIS *"Bob"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Party 3, Outing 4; Gym Exhibition 1; Underwood Typewriting 4.

JORDAN, WALTER S. *"Wall"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth, German Club 4; Literary Club 4; Track 1, 2.

JORGENSEN, LOUIS *"Louie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Picture 4, Prophecy 4, Ring 3, Party 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 4; Operetta 3, 4; *Reflector* 4; Track 2; Typewriting Certificate 4.

LANG, HELEN *"Sis"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4; Typewriting Certificate 4.

LEBOSSIERE, HELEN *"Len"*
General Course, East Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

LINSCOTT, MARJORIE F. *"Peanut"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Basketball 2; Committee: Party 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Operetta 3; Typewriting Certificate 4.

LITCHFIELD, ELWOOD *"Ellie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Class Play 4; Committees: Party 2, 4, Motto 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition 2, 3, 4; Operetta 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3; Typewriting Pin 4, Certificate 4.

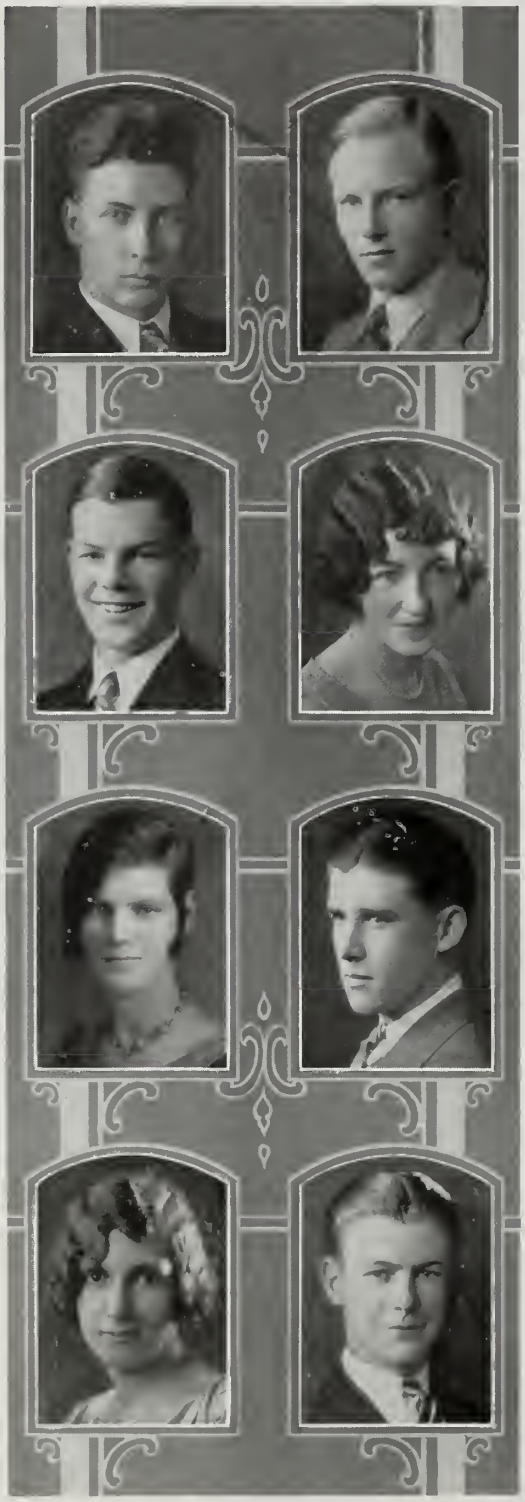
LONERGAN, MARY E. *"May"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Class Will 4; Gym Exhibition 1; High School Entertainers 1, 2; Typewriting Certificate 4, Pin 4.

LOUD, NORMAN *"Loudie"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Literary Club 4; Operetta 3; *Reflector* 2, 3, 4.

MACQUINN, EDWARD *"Ed", "Bill"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Baseball 1; Football, 2, 4; French Club 3; German Club 4; Operetta 2, 3, 4; Tennis Team 1, 2, Capt. 3, 4; Track 2.

MARTIN, MARION L. *"Bunny"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Pianist 3, Gym Exhibition 1; Operetta 3.

McALEER, JAMES ALFRED *"Jim", "John Doe-nut"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth, Assembly Speaker: Lincoln Program 4, Memorial Day 2, 4; Committee: Picture 4; Debate 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Club 4; Program; President, S. M. L. S. P. 4; *Reflector* 2, 3, Editor-in-Chief 4; Track 2.



McALEER, JOHN B. *"John", "Scamp"*
Technical Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Prophecy 4; German Club 4; Literary Club 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4.

McCLUNE, EDWARD HUGH *"Patsy", "Eddie"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Banquet 4.

McDONALD, JEROME *"Mack"*
Printing Course, East Weymouth, Trade Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Debating 2, 3; English Club 2, 3; Football 1, 2, 3.

McDONALD, MARGARET *"Peggy", "Margie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

McKENNA, MARY *"Mac"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

McKENZIE, NORMAN JOHN *"Mac"*
General Course, Weymouth, Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Committee: Party 2, 4; Prophecy 4; Track 1, 2.

McKENZIE, MABEL L. *"Bell"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 2; Literary Club 4.

McMORROW, JOHN *"Sharkie", "Mac"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Baseball 3, 4; Class Play 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Track 1, 2; Typewriting Certificate 4.

McNEILL, RUSSELL *"Russ", "Mac"*
Printing Course, Weymouth, Committee: Banquet 4; Trade Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2; Debating 2, 3; English Club 2, 3; Football 2, 3; Reporter for Gazette.

MELVILLE, BEATRICE *"Bee"*
General Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Party 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

NASH, GRACE *"Gracie"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 2; Literary Club 4.

NASH, LAURA *"Loo"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1; Literary Club 4.

NICKERSON, ETHELBERT C. *"Nickie"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth, Basketball Manager 4; Class Play 4; Football Assistant Manager 4; French Club Treasurer 3; German Club Secretary 4; *Reflector* Literary Editor 3, Athletics' Editor 4.

O'CONNOR, CATHERINE *"Kay"*
Classical Course, Weymouth, German Club 4; Gym Exhibition 2; Literary Club 4.

OSBORN, ANNA *"Anne" "Shrimp"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Typewriting Certificate 4.

PAGE, DOROTHY *"Dot"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Basketball 3, 4; Class Treasurer; Committee: Party 4; Gym Exhibition 1.

PARKER, VERA *"Vee"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 2; Typewriting Certificate 4, Silver Pin 4.

PARNELL, MARY *"May"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

PEARSON, ELEANOR *"El"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Class Play 4; Committee: Decorating 3; Gym Exhibition 2; Debate 2; Literary Club 4; Program; Operetta 4.

PEERS, ETHEL *"Thel"*
Practical Arts Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Banquet 4.

PETERSON, OLGA *"Pete"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2, 3; Typewriting Certificate 4.

PICA, JOSEPH *"Joe"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4.

PISCIONERE, FRANCIS *"Frankie"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth, Band 2, 3, 4; German Club 4; Gym Exhibition 1; Literary Club 4; Track 1, 2.

PITTS, ROBERT *"Bob"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Committee. Banquet 4.

PORTER, KENNETH *"Ken"*
General Course, North Weymouth, Committees: Party 3, Dance 4, Decorating 3, Outing 4.

PRATT, FRANCIS *"Fran"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Ring 3, Decorating 3; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Operetta 1.

PRATT, MARY *"Mae" "Madie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

RAYMOND, ALVAH *"Al"*
Technical Course, South Weymouth, Committee: History 4; Literary Club President 4; Operetta 3, 4.

REGAN, KATHRYN *"Kay"*
General Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1; Class Play 4.

REIDY, RUTH AUDREY *"Aud"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Operetta 4; *Reflector* 4; Typewriting Certificate 4.

RICH, ADELVA *"Dell"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Track 2, 3, 4; Operetta 4.

RICHMOND, ANNA ALBERTA *"Al"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Class Pianist 4; Class Play 4; Committee: Entertainment 4, Party 4; Gym Exhibition 2; Literary Club 4.

RILEY, ANNIE *"Ann"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1; Typewriting Certificate 4.

RIPLEY, CLARENCE W. *"Rip"*
Woodworking Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Banquet 4; Debating 2, 3; Trade Basketball 2; English Club 4; Football 2, 3.

ROULSTON, HELEN *"Snickerette" "Tubba"*
Classical Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Party 4.

SABONIS, LENA S. *"Suby"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Typewriting Certificate 4.

SALZGEBER, THELMA *"Thel"*
General Course, North Weymouth, Committees: Party 4, Motto, Chairman 4; Gym Exhibition 1; Class Play 4.

SCOTT, THOMAS *"Tom"*
Technical Course, East Weymouth, Class Vice-President 3, 4; Committees: Party 3, Debate 3; German Club Vice President 4; Operetta 3; *Reflector* 3, Business Manager 4.

SCOPPETTUOLO, ANTONIO "Skippy"
Business Course, East Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Track 1.

SANTACROCE, ALFRED J. *"Al", "Fred"*
Business Course, East Weymouth, Basketball 2, 3, 4; Committee: Decorating 3, Outing 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

SHARP, JOHN *"Sharpie"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Dance 4.

SHAW DOROTHY *"Bunny"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Basketball 1, 2, 3, Capt. 4; Class Play 4; Committees: Color 3, Decorating 3, Picture 4; Literary Club 4.

SHERMAN, FRANK IRVING *"Bud"*
Woodworking Course, Weymouth, Trade Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Football 1, 2; Debating 2, 3; English Club President 2, 3.

SMITH, DOROTHY F. *"Dot"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Typewriting Pin 4.

SMITH, ROBERT E. *"Smitty"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Committee: Banquet 4.

STUB, JANE *"Janie"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Assembly Speaker; Lincoln Program 4; Committees: Decoration 3, Prophecy 4; French Club 3: Committee, Play; German Club 4: Committee; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Literary Club Secretary; Program 4; *Reflector* 3, 4; Silver Cup: S. M. L. S. P. 4.

SULLIVAN, DOROTHY *"Dot"*
Business Course, North Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

TABER, THEODORE *"Ted"*
Technical Course, Weymouth, Band 3, 4; Operetta 1, 2; High School Entertainers 1, 2; Orchestra 4.

THOMPSON, JOSEPHINE *"Joe"*
Business Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Banquet 4.

TIRRELL, ALICE FRANCES *"Fran"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Committee: Decoration 3, Picture 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2; Literary Club 4; Operetta 2, 4.

TWIGG, RICHARD *"Dick"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Committees: Dance 4; Band 3, 4; German Club 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Operetta 2, 3.

WHITE, FREDERIC G. *"Kid White"*
Woodworking Course, East Weymouth, Trade Basketball 2; English Club Vice President 3; Debating 2, 3.

WHITE, JOHN W. *"Jack", "Dook"*
General Course, South Weymouth, Baseball 4; Committee: Party 3, Party Chairman 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2, 3; Operetta 1, 2; Track 1, 2, 3, 4.

WHITE, VERA *"Vee"*
General Course, East Weymouth, Class Play 4; Committees: Decoration 3, 4, Party 4; Operetta 3, 4.

WHITING, WILBUR *"Bill"*
General Course, East Weymouth, Committee: Class Play 4; *Reflector* 4.

WIETING, CATHERINE ELIZABETH *"Kitty"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 2; Literary Club 4.

WILLIAMS, EDWARD *"Ed," "Kid Williams"*
Business Course. North Weymouth. Baseball, 3; Track, 4.

WILSON, GEORGE *"Joe"*
Technical Course, Weymouth, Committee: History 4; Debate 2, 3; French Club 3; Play; Literary Club 4; German Club 4; *Reflector* 4.

WINCHENBACH, BARBARA *"Barb"*
Classical Course, South Weymouth, Port Chester, N. Y., French Club 3, Play.

YAHISIZIAN, ALBERT *"Alby"*
General Course, East Weymouth, Basketball 1, 2.

POPE, RUTH *"Ruthie"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1, 2.

ADAMS, IRENE NANCY *"Nance"*
Classical Course, East Weymouth, Assembly Speaker: Memorial Day 3; Literary Club 4; Program Debate 2; French Club 3; Gym Exhibition 2; Class Play 4.

HUNT, GENEVA *"Jennie"*
Practical Arts Course, South Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 2; Style Show 2.

SYLVESTER, RUBY *"Ru", "Sylveste"*
Business Course, Weymouth, Gym Exhibition 1.

Autographs

Funniest

Brainiest

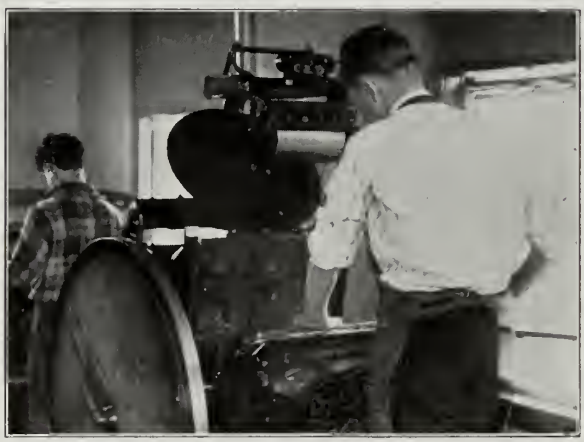
Cleverest

Prettiest

Huskiest

Dumbest

Just Friends



RUNNING THE PRESS

Weymouth Vocational School Views

Printing

Agriculture

Shoemaking

Carpentry

The Track Team
The Gym Exhibition
HILTON
1929
Faculty Basketball Team
Operetta Principals
?
Oh!! Sammy
the 'Scamp'

1928-1929

Year's Calendar

Sept. 4. School opened — back to work. "Howza kid? Glad to see you."

Oct. 12. Columbus Day—holiday. Appreciated? And how!

Oct. 24. Meeting of the Southeastern Mass. League of School Publications at Whitman. Kid Editor waves the gavel.

Oct. 26. End of first term. Sorrows and carpet-beaters!

Nov. 2. Old Colony Club visit to W. H. S. Were we nervous?

Nov. 2. Senior-Freshman party. One teacher had indigestion for a week.

Nov. 9. First issue of the *Reflector*. Quite

Nov. 11. Armistice Day—holiday. Out of No-Man's Land, back to Paris.

Nov. 16. Election of Junior President, Philip Brackett; and Marshal, Joe Lukis.

Nov. 22 *and* 23. Performance of band at South Weymouth Home Beautiful.

Nov. 23. Election of Junior Secretary, Alice Hutchinson; and Treasurer, Barbara Grieves.

Nov. 26. Election of Junior Vice-Presidents, James Branley and Karl Gardner.

Nov. 26. Organization of Senior-Sophomore public speaking classes. What would we do without the teacher?

Nov. 27. Organization of Junior-Freshman public speaking classes. Who says freshmen are dumb?

Nov. 29 *and* 30. Thanksgiving holidays. Also Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Dec. 14. Moving picture, "Hold 'Em Yale!" And Vaudeville.

Dec. 17 *to* 21. Exam week. We chew 'em alive!

Dec. 20. Christmas *Reflector*. Forty pages.

Dec. 21. End of second term.

Dec. 21. Senior Christmas Party. Mike Guidice and Housman perform. Who's that with the whiskers?

Dec. 21 *to Jan.* 2. Vacation. Much needed rest. "Believe in Santa Claus?"

Jan. 2. Announcement of winners in "Why Should I Vote?" contest — Eleanor Bates and Katherine Andrews, both '29. Feminine superiority.

Jan. 7. Afternoon session begins—the most popular extra-curricular activity.

Jan. 9. Wes Williams receives honorable mention in B. U. Art Scholarship Contest.

Jan. 11. Junior Party. "Gibby" gives his rendition of "Sonny Boy." "How not to Fix a Car" by the Master of 207.

Jan. 23. First newspaper issue *Reflector*. A little less highbrow.

Jan. 23. Meeting Southeastern Mass. League of School Publications at Randolph.

Jan. 29. David Burns of B. U. addresses Junior-Freshman public speakers, "especially the girls in the front row."

Feb. 12. Lincoln Day exercises in hall. "Fourscore and seven years ago."

Feb. 21. End of third term. *Reflector* "Yellow sheet" appears.

Feb. 21 *to Mar.* 4. Vacation. Away with the alarm clock.

Mar. 4. High School seniors attend Inauguration Party in Boston Garden. Then where?

Mar. 14. Faculty five finishes season with seventh straight win.

Mar. 15. Choice of Motto, Prophecy, History, and Play Committees by Senior Class.

Mar. 27. Meeting of Southeastern Mass. League of School Publications at Weymouth. Dolled up for the occasion. They needed road maps.

Mar. 28. Second newspaper, eight-page issue.

Mar. 29. Good Friday holiday.

Apr. 3. Seniors vs. sophomores and juniors—"Resolved that the U. S. adopt the cabinet form of government." Andrews family reaps the laurels.

Apr. 12 *and* 13. Operetta, "Captain Crossbones."

Apr. 18. Literary Club program in hall. Edwin Markham! Long may he wave!

Apr. 19. Patriot's Day holiday.

Apr. 26. End of fourth term.
Apr. 26 *to May* 6. Vacation.
May 9. Senior Dance.
May 16. May *Reflector.*
May 17. Seven awards in *Reflector* contest.
May 20. "Picture day." Mr. Waid cocks the camera.
May 24. Southeastern Mass. League of School Publications Annual Meeting at Rockland.
May 29. Memorial Day exercises.
May 30. Memorial Day holiday.
June 7. Freshman debate.
June 7. Senior Play, "The Charm School."
June 20. Graduation. Farewell, O scholars.

Senior Class Play

A comedy by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York. Presented by the Senior Class of the Weymouth High School Friday, June 7, 1929.

Cast of Characters

Austin Bevans ..... Philip A. Conathan
An automobile salesman with ideas, which
David McKenzie ..... Francis Haviland
a law student, considers impractical, though
George Boyd ..... Ethelbert Nickerson
an expert accountant, is willing to co-operate, and so are
Jim Simpkins ..... John McMorrow
and
Tim Simpkins ..... Paul Bates
twins who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.
Homer Johns ..... Elwood Litchfield
is the guardian of
Elise Benedolti ..... Cathorn Cook
the president of the senior class at a school presided over by
Miss Hays ..... Eleanor Pearson
who is loved and feared by all who know her, including the secretary
Miss Curtis ..... Thelma Salzgeber
who is always trying to think well of the senior class, consisting of
Sally Boyd ..... Dorothy Shaw
who is George's sister, and
Muriel Doughty ..... Dorothy Alden
Ethel Spelvin ..... Vera White
Alix Mercier ..... Dorothy Fitzpatrick
Lillian Stafford ..... Nancy Adams
Madge Kent ..... Kathryn Regan
The Accompanist ..... Alberta Richmond

Act I. Evening. A boy's room on the top floor of an old-fashioned New York house.

Act II. The main hall of the school.

Scene I. Noon. Scene II. About two weeks later.

Act III. The next morning.

Coach, Flora Haviland McGrath. Stage Manager, Wilbur Whiting. Property Men, Edward Macquinn, Francis Pratt, Kenneth Porter.

Debating

The subject of the debate held on April 9 was: "Resolved, that the United States adopt the cabinet form of government." The speakers on the affirmative were: James McAleer '29, Katherine Andrews '29, and Philip Conathan '29. The negative was upheld by Lawrence Hooper '31, Frederick Andrews '31, and Karl Gardner '30. The affirmative won by a two to one decision.

Our little freshmen of the Class of '32, although previously so meek and obedient, on June 7, asserted their individuality by upholding the negative side of a debate with the whole school. The wording of this, the second debate for the year, was: "Resolved, that the United States officially recognize the Soviet Government in Russia." The youthful members of the negative were: Loretta Buchan '32, Isabel Dacey, Nellie Beaton '32. The opposing team: Dorothy Pearson '31, Richard Roche '32, and Iona Seach '30.

The affirmative won by a unanimous decision, and Dorothy Pearson '31 of that team received a majority of votes for best speaker.

REFLECTOR STAFF

Front row, left to right—E. Nickerson '29, *Athletics' Editor;* G. Wilson '29 and J. Stub '29, *Senior Editors;* G. Emerson '29, *Advertising Board;* L. Jorgensen '29, *Secretary;* Second row—N. Loud '29, *Circulation Mgr.;* P. Brackett '30, *Asst. Business Mgr;* I. Seach '30, *Associate Editor;* J. McAleer '29, *Editor-in-chief;* K. Andrews '29, *Associate Editor;* P. B. Brown, *Faculty Adviser;* T. Scott '29, *Business Mgr.;* W. Williams '30, *Art Editor.* Third row—F. Andrews '31 and F. Amoroso '31, *Advertising Board;* P. Clark '30, *Junior Editor;* M. Pray '31, D. Pearson '31, and L. Bryant, *Sophomore Editors;* A. Reidy '29 and L. Comeau '29, *Secretaries;* E. Stub '30, *Junior Editor.* Back row—W Buckley '31, Joseph Tobin '30, *Jokes' Editor;* Lawrence Hooper '31 and W. Whiting '29, *Asst. Circulation Mgrs.;* K. Gardner '30, *Junior Editor;* G. Barnes '29, *Advertising Mgr.;* F. Haviland '29, *Asst. Advertising Mgr.*

Reflector Financial Report

Six Issues

Printing	$589.58	Circulation	$444.08
Adv. Rebate	1.00	Advertising	188.00
Misc. Expenses	20.99		
	$611.57	Total Credit	$632.08
		Total Debit	611.57
		In Fund for 1930	$ 20.51

Respectfully submitted

T. F. Scott

Business Manager, Reflector

Orchestra

The High School Orchestra consisted of:

Director: James W. Calderwood

Pianist: Eleanor Bates

Violinists: Freda Garey, Paul Bates, Paul Cleaves, Elwood Litchfield, Roberta Smith, Margaret Young, Eleanor Hill, Virginia Hodges, Ruth Duff and Joseph Mathewson.

'Cellist: Althea Smith

Flutists: Helen Roulston and Arnold Smith

Clarinetists: John Moulton, Alden Merchant, Francis O'Brien, and Vera Cleaves.

Cornetists: Theodore Taber and Edward Hunt

Saxaphonist: Warren Bastey

Trombonist: Richard Twigg

Drummer: Leonard Bryant

The orchestra played:

Monday, December third, for the Monday Club in the East Weymouth Congregational Church.

April fifth, for the Monday Club Play in the High School Auditorium.

April twelfth and thirteenth for the High School Operetta in the High School Auditorium.

Tuesday, May twenty-first, for the Daughters of Isabella in the Knights of Columbus Hall.

Friday, June seventh, for the Senior Class Play in the High School Auditorium.

Rehearsals were held regularly in the auditorium of the High School on Wednesdays under the direction of Mr. Calderwood.

Tennis

The tennis team under "Ed" Macquinn, at the date of press, promises a successful season. On May 24 the team, consisting of Capt. Macquinn, Brackett, Whitten, and Loud, jaunted down to Scituate and succeeded in holding the local team to a draw at three up. Brackett and Macquinn carried off the honors in the singles, and Loud and Macquinn won the doubles.

On the return match the South Weymouth boys were victorious, 5-0. The team still has four more matches to play: two with Whitman High, and two with Bridgewater High. They are also planning to enter a South Shore Tournament to be held at Brockton.

Girls' Basketball Teams

Seniors	Sophomores
Dorothy Shaw, Capt.	Marjorie Didion, Captain
Florence DeMers	Elsie Peterson
Cathorn Cook	Bernice Lippincott
Ellen Crawford	Hazel Smith
Cynthia Eek	Alice White
Dorothy Page	Jean Hall
Juniors	Roberta Fletcher
Aileen McGrath, Captain	Patrice Fuller
Helen O'Halloran	**Freshmen**
Adelaide Dyment	Edith Metcalf, Capt.
Phyllis Clark	Isabel Dacey
Christine Blair	Barbara Richards
Vera Fogelhome	Eunice Warner
	Patricia Lyons
	Kay Thompson

Faculty Basketball

A team representing this branch of athletic recreation and composed of a few well-known gentlemen instructors passed a very successful season; in fact, they won every game. The games were played according to the following schedule, and with the following results:

		Faculty	Opp.
Jan. 10	Faculty vs. Printers	47	24
Jan. 23	Weymouth vs. Milton	32	16
Feb. 1	Weymouth vs. Quincy	32	27
Feb. 5	Weymuth vs. Braintree	27	22
Feb. 14	Weymouth vs. Milton	37	31
Mar. 5	Weymouth vs. Quincy	46	23
Mar. 14	Weymouth vs. Braintree	35	21

Thanks!

The Literary Board wishes to thank those who have helped prepare the news summary of this issue: Helen Roulston '29 for the orchestra write-up; Dot Page '29 for the names of the girls' basket ball team members; Mike Guidice '29 for preparing the name lists beneath the football and basket ball team pictures; Ed Macquinn '29 for information about the tennis team; Nookie Andrews '31, Mgr. Robertson '29, and Mr. Page for the track comments; and John McMorrow '29 for the data on baseball.

FOOTBALL

Front row, left to right—Doble '30; Williams '30; DeCoste '29; Jacobson '29; Guidice '29; White '29; Conathan '29; Ripley '29; Fraher '29; Lilla '30.

Back Row, left to right—Ralph '31; McDonald '29; Cleaves '29; Schleif '31; Cavallo '31; Lukis '30; Johnson '31; Moulton '31; Hoglund '31; Foskett '31; Haviland '29; Stella '31; Mgrs. Thomas '30, Brackett '30, and Nickerson '29, Fisher '29.

BASKET BALL

Front row (first team) left to right—Lilla '30, back; Santacroce '29, back; Fisher '29, back; Conathan '29, center; Capt. Fraher '29, forward; Guidice '29, back; Johnson '31, forward; Posey '30, center; Haviland '29, forward.

Back row (second team) left to right—Mgr. Nickerson '29; Carroll '30; Murray '31; Tower '30; Branley '30; Curtin '30; Stella '30; Taylor '31; Gilmartin '30.

Football

The scores of the football games of 1928 are as follows:

Weymouth	2	Abington	0
"	0	Revere	7
"	14	Salem Trade	6
"	0	Winthrop	8
"	6	Quincy	6
"	0	Whitman	20
"	0	Belmont	0
"	6	Hingham	7
"	6	Weymouth	0
"	6	Kingston	31
"	13	Bridgewater	0
"	0	Milton	6

How many of you realize the expense of equipping a football team? The cost of equipping and running a squad of fifty-five men through a schedule of ten games is approximately:

For uniforms	$2200.00
For officials	450.00
For police	90.00
For footballs (1 each game)	80.00
For lime	5.00
Total	$2825.00

Receipts at gate $650.00

Then, without expenses of injuries, medicine chest, stop watches, whistles, and a few other details, there is still a loss of $2175. Where does this come from? From the yearly benefits, from dances, and similar entertainments.

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"The Service Store"
Weymouth & Cohasset
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Basketball

Weymouth had a fairly successful season at basket ball, the scores being as follows:

Weymouth	29	Bridgewater	12
"	22	Quincy	12
"	18	Chelsea	26
"	14	No. Attleboro	29
"	26	Rockland	22
"	23	Milton	15
"	37	Abington	17
"	32	Chelsea	33
"	16	Quincy	17
"	31	Bridgewater	25
"	26	Rockland	16
"	29	Abington	17

Track

On Wednesday, May 7, in the opening meet of the season, the track team was defeated by Braintree, 42½ to 33½ points, at the Fair Grounds. Thursday, May 16, sent the squad to Plymouth, where they were defeated, 58-30. On Wednesday, May 22, Weymouth met Hingham and Abington in a triangular meet. Hingham won the meet with 59½ points, and Abington finished third with 8 points. Weymouth tallied a score of 40½.

Milton won the South Shore Championship on Saturday June 1, at Hingham, with 79½ points. Plymouth finished a close second, with 77½ points; Hingham took third place, with 59 points; and Weymouth was fourth, with 37 points. On June 4 the juniors, for the second time, bested their rival classes in an interclass meet, scoring 58 points. The seniors, their nearest rivals, scored 31 points. The sophomores finished third with 20 points, while the freshmen failed to place.

Some of the consistent point-getters have been: John McAleer '29, who won first for the Class A shot-put in the South Shore Interscholastics; Denbroeder '30, and Emerson '29 in the dashes; Tower '30 in the half-mile; Lilla '30 in the half-mile and 440-yard run; and Doble in the 220 and 440-yard runs. Other men who have scored for Weymouth this year are:

Spaulding, Hilton, Valicenti, Emerson, Keohan, Brackett, Washburn, Fulton, Holmes.

Operetta

Act I

1. *Overture*
2. *Prelude and Legend*, Long Ago in Old Havana — *Theresa*
3. *Trio*, Love is a Definite Article — *Theresa, Eleanor, Miss Pelling*
4. *Song*, O for the Wings of a White Sea Gull — *Theresa*
5. *Chorus*, Blue, Blue is the Caribbean — *Relations, Men and Maid Servants*
6. *Ballad, I Once Was Young Myself* — *Donna Isabella*
7. *Duet*, Treat Him Kindly — *Richard, Bill Pilgrim*
8. *Trio*, In a Tropical Creek — *Don Cubeb, Captian Bombastio, Theresa*
9. *Duet*, Nothing Else Matters at All — *Richard, Theresa*
10. *Song*, Some Day,—Somehow — *Eleanor*
11. *Chorus*, The Sky and the Pretty Flowers — *Pirates and Maid Servants*
12. *Finale*, Alas! Alas! What's Come to Pass — *Principals, Pirates, Servants, Relations*

Act II

13. *Pirates, Chorus*, A Pirate's Life is a Terrible Life
14. *Chorus*, Fresh and Fragrant Like the Morning — *Pirates, Sweethearts, and Wives*
15. *Song*, 'Mid the Hills of Carolina — *Anthony and Chorus*
16. *Quartette*, The Dear Romantic Days — *Richard, Anthony, Theresa, Kitty*
17. *Song*, Till Love Moves in and Stays — *Eleanor*
18. *Duet*, Some Day — *Eleanor, Captain Bombastio*
19. *Song*, The Omelet and the Onion — *Don Cubeb*
20. *Trio*, Farewell! Farewell! — *Richard, Anthony, Bill Pilgrim*
21. *Danee of the Toreador* — *Richard Dorley*
22. *Chorus*, Our Pirate Chief is Waiting on the Shore — *Don Cubeb, Pirates*
23. *Chorus*, I'm in a Most Unfortunate Predicament — *Don Cubeb, Sweethearts,*
24. *Duet*, The Sea of Mystery — *Richard and Theresa*
25. *Finale*, Some Day — *Whole Company*

SCENES

ACT I Garden of Don Cubeb's mansion in the suburbs of Havana.

ACT II The Pirate's Lair on the Isle of Pines.

A week elapses between Act I and Act II

CAST

DON CUBEB DE CIGARRO, *a Spanish grandee* — Elwood Litchfield
DONNA ISABELLA, *his wife* — Catherine Smith
THERESA, *their daughter* — Vera White
ELEANOR, *an American heiress* — Ruth Reed
MISS PELLING, *her tutoress* — Eleanor Pearson
RICHARD STONEYBROKE, *an American planter* — Edward Macquinn
CAPTAIN BOMBASTIO, *of the Island Police* — Alvah Raymond
ANTHONY LAW, *legal adviser* — Joseph Tobin
BILL PILGRIM, *a retired pugilist* — Francis Haviland
KITTY, *the postmistress* — Lillian Bicknell
ZIM — John Veerling
of the Island Police
ZAM — Philip Brackett
SERVANT — Louis Jorgensen

Chorus of Relations, Men and Maid Servants, Pirates (Act I). Pirates and Pirates' Sweethearts and Wives (Act II)

CHORUS

Dorothea Abbott	Adelaide Dyment
Nancy Adams	Ernestine Houston
Ida Brava	Audrey Reidy
Edith Craig	Helyn Spillane
Ruth Davis	Roberta Trenear
Margaret DeBoer	Adelberta Wood
Andrew Abbott	Fred Gilmartin
Warner Abbott	Malcolm Kemp
Gilbert Arnold	Edwin Thomas
Charles Blackwell	Russell Tower
Richard Dorley	Robert Wadman

MAID SERVANTS

Barbara Byrne	Mary Gallahue
Marjorie Caswell	Jessie Squeglia
Eleanor Cox	Frances Tirrell

Men Servants

Robert Hamilton	James Mitchell
John Higgins	Adelva Rich
Louis Jorgensen	Richard Zeoli

Musical Director, James W. Calderwood; *Coaches*, Flora Haviland McGrath, Ernestine R. Canning; *Girls' Costumes*, designed and made by girls of the Practical Arts Department under supervision of Miss Fannie L. Williams; *Scenery*, made by Art Department under direction of Mrs. Harriet B. W. Kimball; *Backdrop* painted by Wesley Williams; *Other Scenery* painted by Wesley Williams, Kenneth Porter, Meredith Stowell; *Knives and Cutlasses* designed by Stewart Loud and made by the Woodworking Department: *Candy* in charge of Mrs. Dora S. White: *Lighting Effects*, Jalmar N. Nelson, Francis E. Whipple, Jr.; *Lights*, Kenneth Porter; *Property Men*, Wesley Williams, Kenneth Porter, Meredith Stowell.

Literary Club

The Literary Club was organized on March 19. Other senior activities have prevented as full a program as would be desirable, but Miss Humphrey and Mrs. White are to be congratulated for not allowing to die a movement which has been so fruitful in past years. If seniors continue to be so much rushed, there still remains the possibility of an all-school Literary Club.

The following officers were chosen:

President—Alvah Raymond
Vice-President—Gordon Barnes
Secretary—Jane Stub
Treasurer—Laura Nash

Early in June a small assessment was made upon the members. The books thus purchased are selections from Galsworthy and other contemporary British dramatists. These will be discussed and reviewed by the club members for next year.

Membership of the W. H. S. Band

1928—1929

Piccolo

Arnold Smith

B-flat Clarinets

John Moulton	Frank O'Brien
Alden Merchant	Meredith Stowell
Jere Petrucelli	Alan Bryant

John Ryerson

B-flat Cornets

Theodore Taber	Warren Hilton
Edward Hunt	Joseph Washburn
Thomas Whitaker	Emery DeRusha

Baritone

Frank Piscionere

E-flat Alto

Norton Hunt

E-flat Saxophone

Warren Bastey	Robert Inglis

E-flat Basses

Francis Haviland	Howard Thompson

Drums

Leonard Bryant

In Memoriam

The Weymouth High School mourns the passing of

Miss Alice Dwyer

December 28, 1928

Baseball

The results of the inter-class games were as follows:

Juniors	5	Sophomores	1
"	4	"	2
"	0	Seniors	9
"	10	Freshmen	2
"	9	"	4
"	6	Trade	3
Sophomores	9	Trade	11
"	5	Freshmen	6
"	6	"	9
"	2	Seniors	4
"	1	Juniors	5
Seniors	0	Freshmen	9
"	0	"	9

A banquet was given to the Freshmen for winning most inter-class games. This was held on June 6, in the girls' gym. Speakers were present, and after the banquet, the Freshmen were invited to a dress rehearsal of the Senior Play, which was taking place in the hall.

Weymouth High played Hingham at Hingham on June 4. It was the first game of the season with any other high school. McKenzie pitched a good game for Weymouth, allowing only eight hits, but Hingham was aided by eleven errors made by the Weymouth boys. The score was 8—0.

On Friday, June 3, the nine pulled themselves out of the rut by defeating Quincy at Quincy in a ten-inning game, 4-3. The following Friday sent the boys to Whitman.

* * * *

"I—1—2—B—4—got—10,"
Said the maiden with a sigh.
"Y—l—T—please—4—get—me?
O—Y—O—Y—O—Y?
E—said—E—did-n—love—me.
N—now—I—1—2—cry.
I—1—2—be—4—got—10,
N—left—a-lone—2—die."

Most of us have to climb to Success. No matter how far you are from the top now, you can get there by regular saving HERE—

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Poetry; and Humor

The REFLECTOR

Jerlock Sholmes, *alias* Cupid

Mr. Jerlock Sholmes, the eminent detective, was sauntering down Aigiui Square, his loose-limbed figure slumped, and the usual look of profound abstraction in his eagle eyes. He was heard to murmur in accents of the most dire foreboding, "Blimey! May the Lord have mercy on my mildewed soul!" This, however, was not blasphemy, as anyone acquainted with Mr. Sholmes well knows. He was startled from his abstraction when, suddenly, a woman, thrusting a boiling baked potato into his hand, cut the top button from his overcoat sleeve with a small pair of scissors, and hissing the one word, "Arteriosclerosis", was gone with a desperate backward look over her shoulder.

Now the average uninspired layman, at such a mysterious event, would have hastily dropped the potato and vanished from the spot as quickly as possible, futilely angry and suspicious of being duped. Not so, Jerlock Sholmes. He was the true detective. His keen eyes brightened. He intently examined the brown-skinned object, which he kept rapidly transferring from one hand to the other to avoid its scorching his skin. He murmured softly from the profound knowledge at his command, "Ah! A potato! Further—a baked potato!" Jerlock Sholmes declared oracularly, and continued on his way, satisfied.

We now transfer our scent to the Lord Marmaduke Percival Vere de Vere's mansion in Regent Square. He was accustomed deferentially to refer to his spacious apartments as his "diggings", to show how democratic he, a man of title, really was. This, however, fooled no one; much less the perspicacious Mr. Sholmes, who, this evening was the lord's dinner guest. The detective was, at this moment, relating to the lord his strange and seemingly mysterious adventure of the previous evening.

"Mark my words, my lord," he ended presciently, "something will come of this."

The nobleman, nodding confirmation, rubbed his large red ear reflectively, the while he remarked, "It's bally well mysterious, my dear Sholmes, eh what? Who was the young lady? An unsatisfied servant? Ha! Ha!" For a moment his dark eyes gleamed wildly, a fact which the astute hunter of men did not fail to notice.

When the detective answered, his voice was level, unemotional, but he fixed his eyes on the face of Lord Marmaduke with a hard stare. "Ha! Ha!" he said coldly, "I chortle with glee. But," and his keen eyes gleamed prophetically, "there is an Ethiopian in the fuel supply, and I mean to unearth the dark-skinned son of Satan, or perish in the attempt!"

The strong voice rang out in the costly apartment, creating an effect of repression and foreboding. The lord, unable to meet Sholmes's all-seeing eye, studied the tips of his low-cut patent leathers, and was about to speak, when at that moment, the door opened and a young man, tall and beautiful as the dawn, appeared on the threshold. He flashed a recognizing smile at the famous Jerlock Sholmes, and then bowed respectfully towards the nobleman.

"My lord," he said pleasantly, "if I am not interrupting. I should like to acquaint you with the fact that I feel obliged to resign my position as your secretary for personal reasons." On hearing these words, Lord Marmaduke became startlingly white, an effect out of all proportion with the news. He wet his lips and swallowed twice, before his tongue would function. "Why—why—my dear Buffum," he stammered, "you are jolly well surprising. I——

Buffum smiled, a radiant happy smile. "And if I may be so bold, my lord, I may add that it gives me the greatest pleasure."

Lord Marmaduke became apoplectic. "You —you" he gurgled, and walked a few threatening steps toward Buffum, who blithely met him half way. "My lord," the young man chided, shaking a playful admonitory finger, "tut! tut! Calm yourself." The playful finger advanced, as Buffum went on: "I," he said, "have always had a burning desire to do one thing, and now that I have the opportunity I shall avail myself of it." The finger, now threatening, advancing rapidly, and with the aid of the adjacent thumb was clamped fiercely on the nobleman's ruddy, bulbous nose. Lord Marmaduke howled, whereat his nose was pinched the more severely, and before he could so much as raise his effective right shoe, the young man was gone, with a gleeful handwave and the exulting words, "I've done it. I've pinched a lord's nose."

During this byplay, Jerlock Sholmes had not been idle. His sharp gaze read every emotion on the nobleman's mobile countenance, and his remarkable intellect deducted from the tirade much that would seem unfounded. A smile of benevolent wisdom and eternal understanding widened his thin lips, for in the moment of the unexpected pinching process, a complete solution of the tantalizing mystery came to him. Yet never let it be said of Jerlock Sholmes, the supernaturally-gifted and meteorical brilliance, that he revealed his emotions and reactions. Nay! He was as the tomb; more poker-faced than the Egyptian sphinx. Neither of his companions could have guessed by his countenance that the great detective held complete knowledge of their part in the puzzle.

For a short while followed the noise of banging drawers and closet doors, and a final loud bang of the front door, indicating the decisive departure of the odd secretary, who so yearningly desired to pinch a nobleman's nose, and *this* nobleman's nose in particular.

Lord Marmaduke was gathering the last shreds of his mutilated dignity about him, when again the door opened, and there appeared a young girl, slender, and lovely as a sunrise. At sight of her the nobleman's face lighted, and he drew her fondly to him.

"My daughter, Cecilia Bellissima Carissima, Mr. Sholmes," he said. Sholmes bowed deeply, noting with satisfaction that she drew away slightly from her father, as he were slightly obnoxious to her, while at the same time she favored himself with a smile, half timid, half-fearful. It was not until she spoke that he recognized her. She opened her ruby lips and drew therefrom a small wad of chewing gum, which she gracefully deposited on the instep of her tiny, jeweled slipper, size three.

"How they going, Mr. Sholmes?" she asked. But not by a flicker of the eyelid did Sholmes betray that he recognized the voice as the same one which had hissed "Arteriosclerosis" in his ear the day before. "Right along," he answered urbanely. Then in a jocular tone and holding out his long, ascetic hand, he added, "We are branded by the same

vegetable, it appears." The girl spread her dainty fingers fanwise, and one saw that the delicate skin was reddened and blistered. Hastily clenching her fist, she put it behind her, saying lightly, "I always pick up cigarettes by the wrong end."

Sholmes's smile was dubious, but, to her obvious relief, he did not speak to her further except in ordinary commonplaces, and soon took his hat, coat, stick, and departure, only whispering as the girl closed the door behind him, "Je suis tout a vous."

"What did he say?" asked Lord Marmaduke sharply as she returned. "God knows," she replied piously, lifting her foot and removing the gum to her mouth. Her jaws rose and fell rythmically for a long moment, and finally she spoke dreamily. "He's a funny old geezer, ain't he?" she said.

At the imminent risk of straining your lenience, O reader, we again change our scene, this time to a park bench in the Covent Gardens. The bench is green, and on it sits a young lady in a turquoise hat and an orchid frock. She is chewing gum and perusing a yellow-backed novel called "Great Detectives and their Methods." At this junction along the path comes a young man dressed in grey tweed with a smart black bowler hat and a gold-headed cane—the answer to a maiden's prayer—the man I mean, not the cane. His brisk pace slackens opposite the bench, and he finally checks his steps and stops. The young lady does not notice. Whereupon, the young man, with fine presumption, boldly sits down beside the young lady, a shade closer than convention properly allows. "Cecilia," said Buffum, for you will have guessed it was he.

Cecilia started in an obvious manner. "Oh", she said. "How you surprised me! I'd no idea you were in London."

"Liar," said Buffum, in an angelically friendly tone. "You knew it was me."

"I did not," said she indignantly.

"You did," said he firmly. "Your ears were red."

"O Algie!" (his name really was Algernon) said Cecilia. "How masterful you are!" She extracted the gum daintily from her lips, and placed it neatly and exactly on the head of Buffum's cane.

"Aw, Gee," said Buffum, despondently, "I wish your old man thought so." He thoughtfully struck his cane against a stone, knocking off the gum; and as thoughtfully began drawing widening circles in the gravel around the stone.

Cecilia's lips drooped. "If only," she said, "we could get Jerlock Sholmes on our side, and make him persuade Papa—."

"There's no persuading Papa, methinks," said Buffum gloomily. "Remember, he's Irish."

"What's that to do with it?"

"A great deal. When St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, the only thing he forgot was the Vere de Veres—especially Papa."

"I sa—ay, bimbo", cried Cecilia, "are you by any chance referring to ME?"

"Oh—no, gracious, no, darling," gasped Buffum, "I only meant——"

"Ye-ah, you only meant. See that it's all you do."

"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet," murmured Buffum piously. "But that was a close call." He glanced at Cecilia sideways. Inspiration! "Come here, sugar baby, and I'll whisper something to your dimple." Cecilia came (you would, too, if he'd been so handsome and he'd asked you so nicely).

Now Buffum, let it be said, was not the man to let Old Lady Opportunity slip by him. Under the spell of Cecilia's sweet proximity (for she *was* a pretty girl), he kissed her before she could move, and then kissed her again before she could protest. (That's always a wise rule to follow.) Not that she wanted to protest, though.

As soon as she could articulate again, she said, "You mustn't. Not in public anyway." (You'll notice, though, that he *already* had). "But about that scheme. Now I think—— etc., etc." What they were talking about God knows—and so will you if you rightly read the primer of events.

Another change of scene—(This is getting chronic). The study of Jerlock Sholmes, sombre in the flickering firelight, contained two men, both of whom we have already met. One, Mr. Jerlock Sholmes, was standing with his gaunt back to the fire, his arms folded across his chest. From under his beetle eyebrows he was surveying the bonny Buffum, who sat astride a chair, his arms resting on its

back. "My boy," began Sholmes, when Buffum, wrinkling his nose, interrupted him with, 'Boy be damned. I'm——"

"Boy-Be-Damned" went on Sholmes, gently. "I shall be very glad to help you in this affair if you will answer me one question."

Buffum smiled radiantly, "Shoot, old man," he offered recklessly.

"Could you tell me, sir, just how you tie that marvelous four-in-hand you wear? It's the most pluperfect knot I've ever seen."

Buffum hid his astonishment admirably, and, his mission accomplished, generally consecrated the next hour to teaching the great detective the involved mysteries of tying a perfect four-in-hand knot. There we leave them to—yes, change our scene this time back to Lord Marmaduke's mansion.

Here we find our Sholmes again talking to the obese and rubicund nobleman. The latter seems quite distressed, and Sholmes is evidently well pleased with himself and the state of affairs. He is complacently dry-washing his hands, saying, "My lord, we must excuse the young creatures. They were very much in love, and can hardly be blamed under the circumstances."

Lord Marmaduke barked, "Under what circumstances?"

Sholmes answered gently and abstractedly, "Living under the same roof with you, dear fellow, be it ever spacious, would personally, give me heebie-jeebies, and I am ordinarily, a very easy-going and unassuming fellow. But— there's a limit to what even I could stand, and you're it."

The nobleman's whole frame shook with an unholy anger. "Thou dastardly traitor," he shrieked. "Begone from my threshold."

Jerlock Sholmes fondly fingered the knot in his tie. "That Buffum," he remarked in a friendly, conversational tone, "is no end clever. He's surely a stout fella."

Lord Marmaduke sat down abruptly in his chair, while Sholmes helpfully fanned him with a newspaper, quite by accident striking his nose a smart blow.

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A sudden commotion in the doorway drew both men's gaze thither. There stood Buffum and Cecilia, or, rather, there stood Buffum, for Cecilia was in Buffum's arms, and they were kissing each other in a scandalously happy fashion. Jerlock Sholmes's ears reddened for shame, but otherwise his habitual composure was unshaken.

Lord Marmaduke sprang to his feet and was about to speak, when Cecilia, with a rapturous shriek, cried, "Unhand me, villain," and cuffed Buffum on one of his freckled ears. Buffum cuffed her back, set her down and roared, "Silence, woman."

Cecilia giggled, turned to her father, and announced dramatically, "Meet the husband."

Poor Lord Marmaduke! Thus in one second are the higher hopes of human beings dashed to earth! The poor fellow began to cry pitifully, his tears wetting his stiffly starched shirt-front. "Stop blubbering, Pa," said Cecilia. "You'll live over it. And your dear daughter is quite satisfied."

Her father sniffed pettishly. "I'll bet you are," he said. "But our family is ruined. O dear—to think my daughter would stoop to a commoner, O dear!"

Buffum, his eyes flashing, drew himself proudly erect. "A commoner, sir?" he cried. "My father, I'd have you know, is the First High Chancellor of the Royal Order of the Sauerkraut."

A gleam of hope suffused the Baron's port eye. "My son," he cried, "is this true? Ah, how happy you make me! I live again." Before the unlucky Buffum could dodge, his father-in-law had placed a moist kiss on each of the young man's shrinking cheeks, and with an affected, coy simper, he drew Sholmes's arm through his own, saying, "We'll leave the young people's alone, shall we, Jerlock?"

As they reached the door, Cecilia detached herself from Buffum's hearty grip, and running over whispered to Sholmes, "You're all to the merry-merry, Big-Boy. My telephone number is in the book. Buffum won't mind. He's a well-trained boy."

Sholmes smiled paternally, and followed Lord Marmaduke, carefully shutting the door behind him.

The nobleman regarded his guest thoughtfully. "Just what connection," he said, "have you had with all these happenings? You seem to be well acquainted with events."

Sholmes's face became stern. "I," he said, "have complete knowledge of the whole case. A most interesting one, indeed. My lord, you have a most unusual daughter. Who but a genius like her would have hit upon her novel means of insuring my interest? A clever girl, indeed, a very clever girl."

The other was nonplussed, "What are you, talking about?" he asked shortly.

"And having secured my interest," continued Sholmes, abstractedly, "she used every means in her unlimited power to keep it, even going so far as to inveigle her father to invite me to the house, hoping and expecting, of course, that I should recognize her as the same young lady who had so mysteriously accosted me the day previous on the very doorstep of the same house. Happily my marvelous and rigidly trained powers of observation and deduction stood me in good stead, so that I was able to arrive at the conclusion that the young lady needed my aid in some form or another."

Here Sholmes checked his obloquy, and allowed Lord Marmaduke to express some of his amazement and dumfoundedness.

Sholmes resumed, "Ah, yes, and as soon as I saw Buffum, I knew the state of affairs, and I astutely recognized that if Buffum and Cecilia Bellissima Carissima were not allowed to marry instanter, the fireworks would commence, or, in other words, perdition would pop." Sholmes's smile was benignant, sapient, and indulgent. "My lord," he said, "what was I to do? Stand aside? Never and nay! I took the reins in my own hands, packed the two kids off to be married, and benefited myself, also, during the undertaking." He again fingered his tie. "Am I not wise, my lord?"

"Bunk," said the nobleman rudely. "Talk English, for the love of mud. I can't make head nor tail of your gibberish."

"And methinks you never will, Dummerkoff," returned Sholmes affably. "What is once solid ivory is always solid ivory, and one can't inculcate knowledge into that hard substance. Bad cess to ye, mon, bad cess t' ye. Now fergit it, and let's have a nightcap, like a good fellow."

Which just goes to show that detectives, even THE detective, Jerlock Sholmes, are human. *Jane Stub*, '29.

Cross-Reflections on the *Reflector*

The editor-in-chief of the *Reflector* walks into the noisy staff-room, where a group of five or six boys and girls are busily chattering over the affairs of the day. He slams his bag on a handy chair and walks slowly to his desk. A sudden silence falls over the Literary Board. A stifled whisper, "The editor is angry!" Then some one hazards a cheerful "'Lo, Jim! This last *Reflector* was great!"

Then comes the editor's battle-cry, "Oh, it could have been lots better. Say, how much material have we for the next issue? We must get going. Press limit is in four weeks and the staff has to have all copy in by Monday after next. Talk to the English teachers." Then he turns to the Advertising Manager.

Despair settles over the staff-room. No material for the next *Reflector* and, in only four weeks, it must be squeezed from the student body, selected, corrected, typed, recorrected, sent to the print-shop and then some. Mr. Brown now walks in and saves the day with a bundle of sophomore efforts. Faithful faculty adviser! Next, a crop of colorless notices appear on the blackboards of all home-rooms. Then copy begins to straggle in, in a rather unenthusiastic way.

But there is plenty of color (local and otherwise) in the staff room. Assistant editors with disheveled locks try vainly to attract the attention of the literary board, which is chattering as usual about math and French verbs and what Mr. Whittle said. Suddenly comes a "lull in the day's conversation," as the editor throws a bundle of copy onto the table. Then the waste-basket is drawn invitingly close and its sorrows commence. Manuscript after manuscript sails gracefully to its last resting-place—some adorned with a simple "Rejected," some boasting singularly colorful adjectives such as "Rotten," "Prosey," or "Punk," while others bear long, sarcastic, and very original criticisms which convulse the rest of the staff with mirth.

At intervals of irregular length giggles and chuckles burst from the various literary editors. Then a groan, "Hey, what'll I do about this? 'A mermaid with golden hair falling to her feet.' Sounds funny if you say 'falling to her tail'!" Then come struggles over grammar and punctuation, and heart-aches over "chucking" the hundreds of papers wherein one or two strokes of genius are buried in a limbo of meaningless words. Last, but not least, comes the poetry agony. All *good* poetry is suspected of not being original and someone must go around to interview the writers. Funny how suspicious the staff is!

Several days after all the rest of the copy has gone to the typists some tardy English teacher will send a new bundle up to the *Reflector* room. That Monday half of the editors will not be on hand and one or two of the faithful complete the job alone.

All this time the art editor has been working on cover cuts and column-headings; the advertising manager has been goading his board on to greater activity; the business manager has been keeping account of the dollars and cents in a fashion worthy of any Scotch kiltie; the jokes editor, with a face like a meat-axe has been "digging up" all the cracks that the students love so well; the athletics editor has been collecting data, and the editor-in-chief, who must supervise all this work, has been going faster and more furiously each minute.

Then it's the typists' turn to weep. Such handwriting! And the corrections of the literary editors are anything but systematic. Long arrows must be followed all over the page to find what the next word will be; special hieroglyphics must be interpreted.

Back come the manuscripts to the staff-room, where they are again weeded out, changed and corrected. Here Mr. Brown comes on the scene. He reads all copy and finds more mistakes on one presumably corrected manuscript in one minute than the staff can find in one week. Verily, practice makes perfect. But the *Reflector* isn't nearly done yet. It must go to the linotyper, where

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the text matter is at last set up on a machine apparently similar to a typewriter, but which manufactures whole lines, column-wide, of lead type-faces. Then the galley-proofs (first printing) must be corrected and the "dummy" made up. Now, while the art editor is choosing cover-stock, the editor-in-chief, with an assistant, measures out strips of linotype copy (galley-proof) to column length which are pasted in on sheets of paper in the exact way that they will appear on the finished *Reflector* page. Space must be allowed for titles and pictures. Here Mr. Whipple gives much valuable information, suggesting running heads, proper arrangements, and "fill-in" border. This usually takes three or four hours a night for half the week. The *Reflector* now goes to press. But the worries of the staff never cease. The printers set up the pages and take another proof. This goes to Mr. Brown, who reads it over and corrects all misspelled words and bad punctuation; but even after all this correction and re-correction and re-re-re-correction mistakes will happen.

The circulation manager and his assistants commence the minute that the *Reflectors* begin to leave the press. They make a wild effort to sell all copies, and they, too, manage the money in a manner commendable to the followers of the thistle and the bagpipe.

Then begins a hunt for the exchange list, and fifty or more magazines are stamped and addressed to be sent out to other high schools.

At last, however, the mad whirl is over. A weary editor-in-chief walks into the noisy staff-room. Half a dozen boys and girls of the literary board are chattering merrily over the French lesson and the Junior Outing. He slowly walks to his desk. A silence falls over the board, until someone ventures "H'lo, Jim! The magazine's a corker!" Then the editor leans his head on his hand and says, "O Gee! It could have been a lot better. Say, how much material have we for the next issue? We must get going. Press limit is in four weeks and the staff has to have all copy in by Monday after next. Will some of you please speak to the English teachers?"

* * * *

WANTED — A married man with some knowledge of bookkeeping to run a Ford car. Steady position.

This creature of the *genus* tramp was drawn by "Our Artist" as a composite example (or so he says) of the Weymouth High School Pupil, Class of '29, in twenty-five years. However, we believe this statement was made in a bitter, cynical moment, and we scarcely feel that any of our brilliant stars will sink so low (or rise so high).

The tramp, like the poor, is always with us. And strange as it may seem, not everyone could be a tramp. In fact, it's quite an art. In the first place, do you suppose a gilded sheik would make a successful tramp? Never! A tramp must have a high courage and a brave love of adventure. He must be sturdy and he must not have a hasty temper. He must be able to adapt himself to all conditions and varieties of human existence. He must, in a sense, be a cosmopolite, a man about town, a good "mixer."

A tramp has a love of secrecy, as is shown by the many mysterious fellowships and societies of trampdom.

But enough of generalities. Imagine walking up in the dreary dead of night and seeing, by the light of a gibbous moon, the face of this particular specimen of the wandering tribe hanging on the horizon of one's vision.

We guarantee that the beholder's pulse will be twice as rapid as normal. And no wonder! Note the artistic arrangement of the dental appendages in the upper jaw. Note the warts and the hairy growth on cheeks and chins. Note the triple eyebrows and the bulging eyes. His ears are of the cauliflower variety, and, like a true globe trotter mindful of self comfort, he is collarless. Another item which indicates the thoughtful and orderly precision of his mind is the sight of his cutlery in his pocket—he is prepared for every emergency. He carries his matches with him, in case some good Samaritan may give him another such vile weed as the one which hangs pendulously from one corner of his lips. We cannot quite decide whether the lump on his head is a mosquito bite or a bump, but no matter—the results are the same. This poor dilapidated, disreputable creature of the human family is assuredly unprepossessing, and we, for our part, wouldn't trust him as far as we could throw a bull by the tail uphill—he'd even steal our gold fillings, we fear. Human nature is so distrustful. Alas!

Jane Stub, '29

Scenery

The sultan of Allabazoo sat on silken cushions amidst the splendors of his harem. A bitter mood enveloped him, and he frowned darkly as he gazed unseeingly before him. With soft caresses, the host of lovely slaves sought in vain to slay his care. Even his favorite Circassian—even her most sensuous dance, her slimly swaying figure, failed to rouse him from the blackness of his ire. Rising, preoccupied, he flung aside the clinging, endearing arms that encircled him, and strode grimly out.

* * * *

The scene was over; Hollywood's greatest star, the idol of the nation's flappers, rose lazily to his feet and yawned. Beckoning arrogantly to the director, he shouted: "Say, Bill, tell those d—n women to lay off. Sheik stuff may look all right in print; but when you try to screen it, it's bosh so far as I'm concerned. D—n it! I won't have females draped around my neck when I know darned well it's ninety degrees in the shade!"

Katherine Andrews, '29

* * * *

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Bob Hamilton's	feet
Gus Conathan's	physique
Eddie Macquinn's	gait
Ken Porter's	clothes
Alvah Raymond's	voice
E. Nickerson's	disposition
Jack White's	sense of humor
Paul Bates's	wit
Bob Crawford's	pep
George Emerson's	intellect
Norman Loud's	naivete
Dick Twigg's	reliability
Frannie Haviland's	popularity
Leon Didion's	bashfulness
George Wilson's	nonchalance
Eddie Curtin's	smile

Girl

Gladys Gadsby's	hair
Freda Garey's	eyes
Dot Abbott's	nose
Louise Bailey's	complexion
Andrea Belcher's	arms
Mary Pratt's	feet
Bee Melville's	figure
Alberta Richmond's	gait
Cynthia Eck's	clothes
Thelma Salzgeber's	voice
Vera White's	disposition
Jane Stub's	literary cleverness
Frances Tirrell's	sophistication
Anna Osborne's	domesticity
Eleanor Bates's	intellect
Helen Roulston's	naivete
Laura Nash's	reliability
Dot Shaw's	popularity
Flora Graham's	demureness
Grace Nash's	nonchalance
Dot Page's	smile

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Sailor: "Oh, I've pitched and tossed on the ocean for ten years."

* * * *

"Saw two girls today buying golf suits."
"Knickers?"
"Naw, white girls."

* * * *

Young Master: "What is tact?"
Professor: "My boy, if you tell a girl that time stands still when you look in her eyes, that's tact. But if you tell her that her face would stop a clock, look out."

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M. DeBoer: "A diameter."

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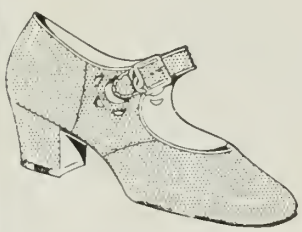

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